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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

OUR NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

THE only event that could be more disastrous to the country than the continuance of the present feud between the President and Congress would be the complete triumph of either of the parties to it. Yet it is impossible to discern by what other event the nation can be extricated from its embarrassments. The passions of the opponents are wrought to a white heat that admits of no cool reflection, and renders compromise impracticable. Neither can recede, if it would, from its present position. Neither has any option but to advance, and it can only advance by the subjection of the other. Any change of tactics made by either party must be for the adoption of still more violent measures than it has yet essayed. No ordinary mode of escape from this state of things is apparent but the reversal of the majority in Congress; and, whatever were the prospects previously, the electioneering tour of the President and the Secretary of State, which even the presence of Grant and Farragut* could not redeem from contempt, has rendered it reasonably certain that the fall elections, instead of annulling the supremacy of the congressional party, will largely strengthen it. Even in the—almost impossible—event of there being in the new Congress a majority for the administration, the effect would be rather to increase the violence of the existing body during the remainder of its term than to diminish it. In either case, whoever has watched the course of the fierce and eager factions thus far, must find it difficult to put away the apprehension that whichever of them is worsted is capable of some desperate expedient for sweeping the victor from its path, and, under more or less guise of legal and constitutional warrant, establishing an unchecked authority of its own.

Nothing could have brought us to this critical situation had not the government, at a time when there was the greatest need of able and temperate statesmanship, been confided to hands unfit for the trust. The course of each party is inexcusable. Each has afforded its opponents pretext for the extreme lengths to which they have pushed their animosities. The radicals, honestly desirous to re-establish the Union beyond the possibility of a renewal of the dissensions which had imperiled it, exercised their power so offensively as to hopelessly disgust those with whom it behooved them to keep on terms. This faction deliberately repudiated that moderation which the exigency of the occasion demanded. It accepted the leadership of men embittered by contemptuous treatment during the years they had passed in an impotent minority, who were not only unfitted for rule by the intoxication always produced by sudden exaltation to power, but who seized the opportunity to retort on their now helpless opponents the insults they had formerly experienced from them. Its violent procedures elicited as violent an opposition. The South, indeed, had no grounds for looking for a full and immediate restoration to all its former rights; but it was expected both at the North and the South that restoration would be effected without unnecessary delay. Had the operation been entered upon with the cheerfulness and good faith that would have been employed under Mr. Lincoln's guidance, all exasperation might have been avoided, and the South restored in all sincerity to its allegiance. But the radicals, by imposing immoderately severe and vexatious conditions, by characterizing all their dealings by a supercilious hauteur and exasperating assertion of power, have inspired the disaffected states—among whose virtues patience and forbearance never shone—with a bitter and indignant resentment, too deep-seated to be easily allayed. This line of conduct enabled the turbulent and brutal elements of the southern community to obtain the upper hand and perpetrate atrocities importing such reckless defiance of law as precludes the possibility, with regard for

the general safety, of their present admission to the national councils. The same characteristics marked their conduct toward the President. Had he been a man of dignity, firmness, and self-control, he might have avoided a collision, and even checked their extravagances. But no one could have been less qualified to meet the situation than the person who filled the executive chair. A man naturally of immoderate and hasty temper, he was suddenly exalted to a position for which he had no capacity, and which dazzled him with a certain vague sense of its dignity and grandeur. He had, furthermore, a degree of self-assurance and weak vanity, accompanied, as is frequently the case among ignorant and vulgar men, by a hopeless obstinacy, which rendered him the certain prey of any flatterers ready to sufficiently abase themselves before him. Such a man was peculiarly susceptible to annoyance at having his schemes roughly thwarted by a Congress as arbitrary as himself. Its attempts to force him had the natural effect of driving him as their pronounced enemy into the open arms of the common enemies of them both and of the country. The President and his advisers, whose record had been of a violence and extravagance hardly inferior to that of the radicals, soon gave play to the peculiar hatred apostates always feel for the cause they have betrayed. Blinded by his fury, he has vehemently espoused associations which formerly he reviled no less vehemently. The conduct of his difference with the congressional party has been such as to disgrace us in the eyes of the world. In the excited condition of men's minds, all regard for decency has been dismissed. The partisans have vied with each other in the foulest vituperation. We have seen the unparalleled spectacle of a half-drunken President bandying epithets with the rabble, and exhausting upon his opponents a disgusting repertoire of offensive names. The press have done their best to go beyond him in scurrility, and each party is resolving itself into a coterie of blackguards. But, beyond his utter indelicacy, his mock abasement, his blatant self-assertion, he has been guilty of graver excesses—the scandalous use of the public patronage, the surveillance and garbling of official despatches, and, it is asserted, the exclusion of obnoxious newspapers from the mails, and the accumulation of immense stores of arms, insufficiently guarded, apparently by design, in the midst of a hostile population. Where the matter can end, it is impossible to see. The impeachment of the President is gravely discussed—more seriously, we imagine, than is generally supposed. As a counterblow, is canvassed the erection of a rival Congress in his interest; and the stormy nature of the times seems to render by no means wild or visionary the threats of enterprises which would precipitate us into more disastrous convulsions than those we have emerged from.

We have no desire to be thought alarmists, nor do we think our view too gloomy when we find threatenings of another outbreak beyond the ability of popular patriotism to subdue or the recuperative power of the country to survive. We may make our escape from the present crisis without the adoption of any extraordinary expedients, though we confess our inability to see in what manner it can be accomplished. But the instrumentalities which have brought us thus again to the verge of ruin will be still at work. No nation can long exist in which grand uprisings of the people are requisite to correct the blunders of the politicians. If our experience teaches us anything it is that our political system has failed to secure us virtue, capacity, wisdom, in our rulers. We have long had reason to lament that our highest legislative body was largely composed of men contemptible in every respect but their command of the good-will of demagogues and dexterity in pandering to the ignorant prejudices of the multitude. We have had room, during its sessions, for apprehending some new exhibition of the blackguardism, debauchery, and brutal violence whose frequent display has made our Congress, in spite of its many illustrious statesmen, a chronic occasion of national shame. But it is the first time that the presidential chair has been filled by a besotted *sans-culotte*, the object of universal derision and source of constant mortification—a man of such offensive person and speech as should exclude him from the society of gentlemen

and consign him to the low haunts frequented by his kind. The deterioration which has brought us to this depth of degradation has progressed uniformly with the growth of demagogism, and seems inseparable from any system which obliges parties and party leaders to obey not the sentiments of thinking, patriotic men, but the passions of the mob immersed in ignorance, often in vice. No one who has studied the appearance of the crowd which an election gathers about the polls, or followed the means which are made use of to influence popular sentiment, can long remain in doubt whether the licentious freedom of our suffrage is compatible with an enlightened government. In the nature of things, it is folly to expect judicious decisions of great national issues from an ignorant, impressible populace, marched from the impassioned philippics of an adroit orator to the ballot-box. It is madness to leave the final appeal to the judgment of a mass mainly composed of such elements as no sane man would repose confidence in on the simplest everyday affairs. The greatest difficulties, it is true, must attend any effort to restrict the suffrage. It is hard to see clearly in what quarters curtailment should be made, or upon what principles the right to vote should be awarded; but there is yearly less and less doubt that our national prosperity, if not our national existence, can only be preserved by abandoning a republicanism based, as every temperate observer must admit, upon the most utopian misapprehension of human progress.

TEMPERAMENT AS RELATED TO THE CREATIVE FACULTIES.

A CERTAIN ardor of sensibility and generosity of nature are inseparable from the existence of the creative faculties. That all persons of superior gifts should present precisely the same type of temperament is not to be expected, nor would this be at all desirable. The ordinary manner of some, indeed, may indicate a frigidity of nature incompatible with a depth and delicacy of feeling even where it exists in an eminent degree. For with certain organizations the very refinement of the sensibilities may produce the most cautious reserve. There can be, however, no true artistic power, no masterly influence over the higher sentiments and affections, where a cold temperament predominates. Exquisite sensibility is not always connected, it is true, with executive ability—for many enjoy keenly what they could not create nor describe—yet the power of expression is never isolated from this endowment. To feel deeply, accurately, delicately, is a prerequisite for the performance of any original work of genuine merit. In fact, the clear and suggestive conception that flashes such a radiance of illumination on the soul has its origin in feeling. Before it took its symmetrical shape and caught its kindling power, it slumbered in the vague atmosphere of emotion. A mind may be well-trained and well-informed, and still be capable of no magnetic sympathies, no ecstasy of perception, no grace and truthfulness of expression, of what appeals to the highest nature. Where the sacred fire of rich and ardent feeling is wanting, the possibilities of the deepest recognitions and enjoyments do not exist. The weakness of commonplace writers, the inefficiency of ordinary preachers, the tameness of bunglers in poetry and painting, may be largely explained on account of this deficiency. They have no power to take up into themselves a deep and fruitful experience. They do not apprehend the symmetry and sweetness and essential quality of truth. They do not profoundly realize the awfulness, the scope, the manifold significance of life. To them the veil is not lifted from the radiant face of divine beauty. Nature does not lay her heart against their own. They come into no spiritual communion with the soul of things. In their vision what is most real and glorious wears the dull gray of their passionless experience. From the placid flats of their monotony they have no glimpses of starry realms, and hear not the deepest voices out of earth and heaven.

Whatever is most transcendent in any department of art can be traced to thoroughly appreciative and exalted feeling. It has the air of profound sincerity. An aroma of purity, delicacy, nobleness pervades it. It appeals to what is most generous, truthful, affectionate, aspiring in our natures. It is fairly saturated with a heart-power. Eliminate what illustrates a

* We are in a position to state that the presence of these officers—which has generally created surprise—was involuntary on their part. Whether or not an invitation had been declined by them we are not enabled to say; but they accompanied the Presidential suite under orders.

glowing and profound sensibility from the great masterpieces of genius, and what is left would be uninteresting and inexpressive. Fiction would cease to teach its affecting lessons. Eloquence would perish. Poetry would lose its divine enchantment. The ecstasy would exhale from the soul of music. Truth would fade from the canvas, and the glorious creations of the sculptor and architect be transformed to shapes of deformity. A happy temperament is undeniably essential to artistic success; indeed, without it there will be no strong predilections in this direction. And yet it is something that culture cannot furnish. It cannot be communicated by any skillful instruction, nor gained by any intellectual struggle. It is a natural endowment—a gift that is manifested as the incipient mind begins to unfold. The gifted youth may not know why others are not touched as he is in the presence of the beautiful and the good. His eyes may involuntarily fill as the spring air palpitates with the delicious song of early birds, and his pulses strangely throb as the clouds and flowers and stars shed upon him their benedictions, and his spirit yearn for some form of expression in the transport of his fellowship with what is wondrous and pure and fair, and he be quite unconscious that there is anything peculiar in his nature that distinguishes him from the many around him. But he shall learn by and by that a talent has been committed to him whose use may serve the noblest and most gracious ends. What definite direction his genius may take, what special field of pursuit shall employ his powers, will depend upon his peculiar mental traits and aptitudes. Into whichever he enters he shall carry his quick susceptibilities, his catholic sympathies, his profound sincerity, his passion for beauty and truth. Of course with all their earnestness, spontaneity, sensibility, there will be striking differences in the prevailing tastes and pursuits of superior men. Yet whatever the true worker does will, in a certain sense, betray him. It is easy to see whether nature or human life affects him most—whether his sympathies are deepest with the past or the present—whether he lives in a world of abstractions, or is in deep communion with creatures of flesh and blood. Authors may be as guarded as they please respecting their own individuality, still they cannot divest their productions of the marks of their peculiar temperament. It will give tone and color to their pictures. It will whisper in the undertone of their songs, and lurk in the representations of their ideals and the logic of their arguments.

The temperaments of the purely literary man and the artist are generally of similar type. Both differ from that of the great orator. The fire is more smothered in their intercourse with men. It burns on an altar more concealed from profane eyes. An atmosphere of glowing vitality seems to surround the orator. His feelings are contagious. By his thorough comprehension of human experience and the magnetic power of his sympathies he puts himself in communication with all natures that are capable of an ennobling emotion. In fact, he enters and sways the soul of his hearer by the very largeness and generosity and opulence of his own. Among men of letters Byron is the best illustration of the spirit of eloquence—his poetry is vital with it. Ordinarily, literary men shrink from public efforts. It is notorious that Irving could not make a speech. Hawthorne could barely manage, through a sense of duty as an official representative of the government abroad, to reply to a toast. One would say that habit has much to do with the reluctance with which authors and artists appear before the public. Their exceeding sensitiveness helps to explain their liability to confusion; and their high ideas render them averse to speaking without the most careful preparation. In all this, however, they show much that is admirable and worthy of imitation by the more loquacious of mankind.

It would be an interesting inquiry how far the most original mental operations are modified by feeling, and how much that is most precious in the works of genius is due to the finest physical organization. But it is apparent from the nature of things that it would be impossible to conduct such an investigation with anything like satisfactory accuracy. With a strong understanding and too little sensibility one

may just fail of greatness. Another, with splendid qualities of heart, with the amplest capacity for spiritual insight, sympathy, and aspiration, being deficient in some massive intellectual attribute, may also be compelled to sit below those who are crowned by applauding generations with the bays of an enduring fame.

THE APOLOGISTS OF SIN.

THE manner in which a portion of the press has commented upon the scathing exposures of vice and folly which from time to time have appeared in these columns, is strikingly similar to that wherewith the world at large has received the unexpected discovery of scientific truths. When Galileo, or Newton, or Harvey has grasped, in past times, at some magnificent fact which had hitherto eluded speculation or baffled industry, the voice of the vulgar has been ever raised against the daring and successful innovator, and his achievement denounced in the same invariable formulas: First, it is not true; second, if true, it is of no consequence; and third, we knew it all before. The story is told over again in the case of THE ROUND TABLE and certain cotemporaries with equal force, and, indeed, with no difference in the conditions save such as attach to the distinction between enunciating a scientific truth and denouncing a social abuse. We set forth by affirming that some given vice—drinking, gambling, prostitution, embezzlement, or forgery—is dangerously on the increase, and we warn the community in energetic language to bestir itself betimes and arrest the evil. Now, our affirmation, be it understood, is predicated upon a careful and searching examination and analysis of every accessible datum; is based, in every instance, upon positive knowledge of the facts of the case in question. We make inquiries in proper quarters, pay liberally for valuable information, and, more than all, see for ourselves that what we are about to put forth to the world is well and substantially grounded, and, therefore, susceptible of thorough demonstration. Upon such a basis our article is published, and with what consequences? We repeat, with precisely such as rewarded the philosophers of old, and not unfrequently, in truth, those of our own day. First, the article in THE ROUND TABLE is utterly untrue. It is a false and malicious libel. It is printed merely to make a sensation. The writer is a wicked and unprincipled slanderer. And thus refutation number one goes the rounds of the city and country press. Presently some one gets an idea that, although there may be some truth in our declaration—as, on reflection and closer scrutiny, a few of the more conscientious begin to realize—yet that on the whole things are no worse, if so bad, with us in the indicated respect than with some other city or community elsewhere. Men don't drink here as much as they did in London in the time of George III., there is not so much gambling as there formerly was in Vicksburg-under-the-hill, there is more prostitution in Copenhagen or Stockholm or Vienna than with ourselves, there was more general debauchery in Sodom and Gomorrah than there is in New York. Therefore the thing is really of no consequence. THE ROUND TABLE's imputation is a crusty and ill-natured one, and, even granting a measure of truth in it, there is no use in offending people's delicate sensibilities by speaking so harshly of what in a comparative sense is a mere bagatelle. Finally, however, some sheet more enterprising than the rest takes the trouble to inquire into the facts, and collects a number of statistics respecting them; whereupon the public is suddenly regaled with several sensation columns, painting in the usual chaste and appetizing style the extraordinary prevalence, the surging increase, of the evil in question, and replete with details which come upon the virtuous community, or, at least, that part of it that does not read THE ROUND TABLE, with all the force of a stupendous surprise. But the newspaper in question is not surprised; by no means; it knew all about the matter long before. It has only waited for a fitting opportunity to tell the hideous tale, to put the revolting subject in its true light; and straightway other newspapers take up the cry and launch their versions upon the world, each in its own style and with appropriate comments. The abuse thus speedily becomes recognized as an exist-

ing and deplorable fact, and some attempts are made—albeit far from what they should be—in the way of correctives. But do these newspapers now turn round and, in the name of the public and their own, thank THE ROUND TABLE for pointing out the road they should pursue, for setting an example which tends to the suppression of crime and the establishment of good morals? Not they. It is not their method of doing business. They simply pocket what share of credit they can appropriate, shake hands with themselves, and go their way. We have no particular objection to this, however, since the public are quite safe sooner or later to do justice in the premises, and to render honor where honor is due. What we do object to, and that most strenuously, is, that when the exposure of crime comes from all quarters, ceases to be a matter of speculative opinion and becomes one of demonstrated and accepted fact, the proper authorities do not attend to their part of the business in the way of counteraction and suppression. There are, of course, some evils which can be dealt with by the police, and some which cannot. Absolute prostitution, for example—so denominated by writers on the social evil to distinguish regular and professed wantons, inmates of brothels and street-walkers, from kept women, frail shop-girls, and all others whose vocation is not exclusive and unmistakable, and whose hypothetical backsliding is classed under the head of *relative* prostitution—can assuredly be dealt with, diminished, kept under, if not positively extirpated. It is, however, a fact that there are more women of the town among us, in proportion to the population, than have ever before been collected in New York. It is a fact that they ply their trade with more disgusting and importunate openness than has ever before been allowed. Why does not the police take notice of this? It is a fact that more money is lost in this city at gambling, week by week, than has ever before been the case. Why do not the authorities take notice of this? True, the police now and then interrupt the business of small, obscure practitioners—carry away their cloths and checks, lock up the dealers and owners for a night or so, and there an end. The other evening a small place of the sort, situated in an attic in the Bowery, was seized and closed, and considerable congratulation followed in the daily papers. But why does not the police seize and close the great gambling halls in Broadway? Why are not their *Magnus Apollo's* several dens seized and closed, where fine young men are fleeced and ruined by the dozen every week that passes over our heads? And why do not the conscientious and incorruptible political dailies which slander THE ROUND TABLE, because it tells too much truth, publish the same demand? Is it because the gambling interest controls so many votes? Is it because Mr. John Morrissey has so much money, or is it because he is going to run for Congress? The public would be infinitely gratified by replies to these questions, and perhaps after the customary interlude of abusing THE ROUND TABLE for asking them, they will be pressed so generally that replies may be forthcoming. In the meantime, and *apropos* of this habit of abusing THE ROUND TABLE, and denying its well-digested propositions, the public will know how to receive and to apply a certain speech once made by Dr. Johnson to Dr. Mortimer, head of Lincoln College, and which runs: *Plus negabit unus asinus in una hora quam centum philosophi probaverunt in centum annis.*

POLITICIANS AND JOURNALISTS.

THE unseemly exhibitions which have shocked the country during the presidential tour will, perhaps, have at least one good effect in forcing people to consider the dangerous consequences which are likely to flow from habits of excess in the use of words. The bad example which has been set by the metropolitan press, and which has been justly censured in these columns, has found an echo in the journey from Washington to Chicago, until what was intended as a species of triumphal march has degenerated into something very like a feast of fools. Beyond question, the cries and epithets leveled at Mr. Johnson by the incidental mobs which have gathered round his course have been vile, offensive, and disgraceful; but we must not forget that such things are almost invariably reflexes, emanations which have their source in popular instinct or appreciation of character. No

such cries as those heard at Cleveland could, by any possibility, have arisen in the presence of George Washington; they would have been unlikely in that of Abraham Lincoln. Much as some men dislike the opinions of which the late President was exponent, ready as many were to satirize his person or to express contempt for his homely manners, there were few indeed who could have had the heart to stand in the Illinois rail-splitter's honest presence and say such things as have been said to Andrew Johnson during the last ten days. So true is it that he who respects himself and respects his station must needs be respected of men, whether they agree with him or not. "I care nothing for dignity!" exclaimed the President. The eighteenth President of the United States cares nothing for dignity! Can we wonder that the rabble, wherever he goes, should take him at his word? Excess breeds excess; and the contagion of intemperate words is more rapid and diffusive than almost any other. For some weeks before Mr. Johnson set out, an epidemic of personality and vituperation had been raging among what have hitherto been considered some of the most respectable newspapers in our large cities. The matter went to such lengths that a general outburst of remonstrance—a chorus of contemptuous indignation—flew from the lips of all decent people, until for very shame's sake the offenders bridled their speech. But the snake is only scotched, not killed. The habit of bandying abuse masters its victims with a power more inveterate than does that of drinking brandy; and scarcely less does it debauch the intellectual and moral sense. A proof of this lies in the fact that people cease to attach any meaning to, or to have any regard for, what appears in journals notorious for this vicious indulgence. When men constantly apply to each other the most shocking terms of personal contumely, knowing perfectly well that neither pistol nor horsewhip has any place in a retributive future, knowing that they are perfectly safe from deserved cowhide, society ceases to attach to their outpourings any meaning whatsoever. Such tactics earn contempt, diminished influence, a falling circulation, and in reality utterly fail in the object for which they are designed; that is to say, they do not injure the assailed party in the least degree unless he retorts in the same vein. In such a case both sink in social estimation, the process being attended, as people's minds and hearts may vary, with earnest condemnation or with sneering pity. The effect upon journalism is disastrous; for, as the mastiffs bark, so do the little curs and puppies of the press tune their yelps and pipe their feeble cries. Language loses all force and significance at last in the blackguard and senseless babel, and we find the pages of such partisan journals engrossed solely by two divisions of subject and distinguished by two methods of treatment, viz.: babbling malignity and senile personality in political subjects, pointlessness and sleazy puerility in all others. This illustrates and explains what foreigners so often say about American newspapers, that they are either vituperative or dull, violently personal or utterly uninteresting. It would be truly amusing at times, were not the conditions which make such things possible essentially sad in themselves, to trace through a succession of extracted paragraphs, with running comments, the logic, the sense, and the decency which adorn the style of controversy that we condemn. The strongest characteristic is, of course, the common one in all quarters. This consists in the custom, on differing with an opponent—he having stated his views at the outset, be it supposed, in an entirely impersonal way—to instantly protest that he lies, to threaten him with personal violence, and to invoke for him immediate social ostracism. Mere diversity of opinion—which surely ought to be tolerated in America if we are to have any real independence of thought—is thus made the basis for personal attacks which are so purely irrelevant and so ludicrously exaggerated that the result, as before observed, is that of stripping language of any tangible significance whatsoever. The press has a responsibility in this matter whose gravity it would do wisely to begin to appreciate. Public men—especially strong-willed and uneducated public men who have the sense to know the power of the press, but not the discrimination to perceive its weakness—are, as we now unhappily see,

extremely apt to take their cue from newspapers of the day, and when the speeches which follow are disgraceful to the whole nation, it is not hard to understand that the subject is one of importance.

What is greatly needed is that both journalists and politicians, exercising as they do so wide an influence upon the habits and thought of the nation, should wean themselves from the stupid and presumptuous custom of thinking, or writing and talking as if they thought, that a divergency from their own views necessarily implies moral obliquity, and, as a corollary, treating the offense accordingly. They should essay to acquire the not more generous alone, but simply just, habit of believing that others may be diametrically opposed to them in every opinion, and yet no less sincere and public-spirited than they themselves are. Nearly all the troubles under which we labor are the fruits of ignoring this important proposition. There is scarcely a moot point which gives uneasiness to the country to-day which might not be amicably adjusted, if men would but frankly accept and be guided by it. It may be that the old grooves are too deep to be escaped from; it may be that the only remedy lies in new writers and new publicists to arise in the future; but it would be supremely satisfactory could we look with faith for more immediate relief—if we could hope that the detestable ribaldries of politicians and journalists which have so disgraced us of late both at home and abroad might be speedily and altogether reformed. Until something is done which tends that way, we shall have little respect from the world; for the credit gained by the heroism of war is fast being sapped by the shameful excesses of peace, and the self-control which used to be counted the first essential of the statesman or the teacher seems to be, to our misfortune, fast vanishing out of the land.

NOVEL VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

WHETHER the fourteenth of February be nowadays the seed-time of love or not, these present months are most assuredly those in which good St. Valentine reaps his golden harvest. Be it in country or in city, it is the season of leisure, of excursions, of much loitering through parks or woods, of covert whisperings and dreamy talks along by-paths and on brook-side. The fashionable world, and—thanks to cheap traveling—a good part of the unfashionable world also, are getting health and happiness from picnics or sea-side rambles at watering-place or mountain-side. From dawn to dusk there is a constant round of joyous parties and solitary strollings, every unit accompanied by another to help admire the solitude. Mothers are solicitous or happy, brothers are shy or silent, sisters wicked or pensive; but the lowered voice and the burning glances continue none the less. There are comedy and melodrama and tragedy. Hearts are broken and hearts are healed; and thousand-tongued gossip is very busy over an innumerable series of those engagements whose greatest havoc is on the patience of papa and the stock of the jewel merchants.

Far be it from us to allude to all these pleasant doings in a spirit of raillery. The passion of love has in itself nothing that is ludicrous or deserving of satire. It is not to be named in the same day with money matches, or the providing of legal nurses for old men, or of devoted wives for missionary widowers. It is, to the contrary, a most serious matter, in which there cannot be too much forethought or judgment or sentiment; and of which the chief danger springs from that shabbiest of sham virtues, sentimentality. But because this danger does exist and is being fed by a certain class of literature to an alarming extent, we are impelled by a sense of duty to call public attention to it, and to expose the ardent absurdities of the writers who are helping it forward. Its victims are those who are most earnest and single-hearted. Its evil consequences are to be read in the record of divorce trials and in the infinite miseries of deserted or dishonored homes. Marriage and that beautiful sequence of the hearth-stone, with its innocent prattle of children, and all the endearments of household love, are endangered by a lurid under-current of new theories that require swift and emphatic repression.

What these theories are, an examination of the

books whose titles we give below* will enable the reader to understand. They are not, it is true, the only novels which are operating upon the popular mind in the same hurtful direction; but they, more than others, are written in a spirit of propaganda, conversation taking the place of incident, and the tenuity of the plot being compensated for by a persistent and enthusiastic enforcement of the author's ideas upon love and marriage. The other and more recent products of the press which insinuate the same theories are to these very much what diffused electricity is to the thunderbolt.

Emily Chester and *Moods* stand first on our list and have a psychological identity. The background of each is an unwise marriage, and the wretched parents are represented as transmitting to their children those clashing and dissonances of natures which had rendered their own union incomplete. In both novels the scene shifts from America to Europe; but the starting point of the former is Baltimore; of the latter, Boston, or rather its neighborhood. *Emily Chester*, left an orphan by the sudden death of her father, is loved by two men—one, Max Crompton, a person of keen intellect, great scholarship, and an indomitable will; the other, Dr. Fred. Hastings, genial, fine-figured, highly cultivated, with a keen appreciation of the beautiful. Neither of these wholly satisfy the needs of her nature; nevertheless, at a moment of great weakness—sick in body and in soul—she consents to become Mrs. Crompton. Max is drunk with joy, carries her abroad, is unremitting in his attentions; but at the hour when she recovers her old strength an unconquerable aversion for her husband seizes her. The authoress takes great pains at this point to elucidate her theory. Mr. Crompton was gentle, kind; was, in fact, everything that a husband should be, only—he was rather ugly! His face was spoilt by a smile which men who hated him called Mephistophelean; by a high forehead that seemed aggressively intelligent; by exceeding white teeth that gave his mouth a sardonic look. Now, his wife had "a sensitive southern organism," her sense of the beautiful had been cultivated until it was morbid, and "the constitutional antagonism of her physique toward his" rendered him unendurable. She shuddered when he touched her. She hated to have his eye on her. It is not within our purpose to picture the sufferings of Crompton after this revelation; but his gentleness, his superhuman forgiveness of his wife's caprice, his noble forbearance, force him upon the reader's sympathies in spite of the author's predilections for Emily. They return to New York and then pass to their country seat on the Hudson. Here Dr. Hastings joins them, and the Baltimore wife finds her thirst for the sensuous satisfied in his presence. There is no legal sin committed. Mrs. C's character is sufficiently firm against that danger; but she becomes the victim of an internecine war:

"Loving neither of these men, their claim upon her was none the less potent because her heart was vacant. The one held her by his intellect, with conscience and moral sense entirely enlisted on his side; the other, by his dominant motive power over the super-sensuous portion of her being. Between the two she seemed literally torn asunder. They were parceling her nature between them, but still leaving her heart, the mightiest element, unoccupied, unclaimed, because to neither had it been granted to possess himself of the uncounted wealth of its dominion" (p. 285).

This secret, inner warfare proves too much for her physical endurance, and she presently dies under the anguish of it.

Whatever may have been the purpose of the author—and this is by no means clear—the influence of the book must be for evil. It is evidently written by a woman, and its appeal is to woman. Our young ladies are taught in it that they are a bundle of different natures; that this man satisfies one need, that another, and so on to the end of the imagination. A sort of mental polygamy—or, rather, polyandry—is inculcated; and in the midst of these soul-dissections, this whirl of contrary currents, the simplicity and single-mindedness of the sex are not likely to be very much increased.

In *Moods*, Cynthia, a wayward, beautiful, singular girl, marries Moor, whom she merely likes as a friend,

* *Emily Chester*. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. *Moods*. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of *Hospital Sketches*. Second edition. Loring, Boston. *Counterparts*; or, *The Cross of Love*. By Elizabeth Shepherd. Harper & Brothers, New York.

and afterwards discovers that her heart is really another's. The story is exquisitely told. Nothing could be better than some of the descriptions of New England life, nor could anything be more admirable than the skill with which the exceptional nature of Cynthia is made to develop itself under the peculiar exigencies of the plot. But the theory of the book is excessively bad. According to it no marriage is safe where there is not an intense fascination. Lovers must feel, as by a miraculous inspiration, that they are born for each other. The passion should resemble in its suddenness the conversion of St. Paul. Miss Alcott partially explains herself in the following passage:

"Sylvia had quite forgotten herself when suddenly Warwick's eyes were fixed full upon her own. What spell lay in them she could not tell, for human eye had never shed such sudden summer over her. Admiration was not in it, for it did not agitate; nor audacity, for it did not abash; but something that thrilled warm through blood and nerves, that filled her with a glad submission to some power, absolute yet tender, and caused her to turn her innocent face freely to his gaze, letting him read therein a sentiment for which she had not yet found a name.

"It lasted but a moment, yet in that moment each saw the other's heart and each turned a new page in the romance of their lives."

And to prove that this way of loving—an irresistible and unaccountable drawing together—is the only one that accords with nature; that, indeed, where this principle is violated the most malign consequences ensue, we are told that the strange, moody, capricious nature of Cynthia, her feeble physical constitution, etc., are the necessary result of a union based simply upon custom and convenience.

Here, then, is a conception of marriage that assumes to itself a logical aspect. It traces results to causes and it presents an irrefragable method whereby we can ascertain whether human beings are in love or not. Waiving the physiological argument for the present, it may not be amiss to study somewhat closer that portion of the author's position which is comprised in what for brevity we will call the twin-star theory.

It is needless to remark that the twin-star theory is a very popular one. Most young ladies who have any romance in them—and heaven save the race when women cease to have romance!—wish to believe in it. Indeed, there is a certain mental type, having its representatives in both sexes, which invariably holds to this view, and counts those who do not adhere thereto as of a very much lower sphere. Yet the falsity of the theory is very easily proved. Since it is laid down as a general law, it becomes amenable to general facts. If souls be manufactured in pairs, and if an unreasoning attraction be the method which Deity employs to direct our blind steps, it will follow that when there are no social restrictions this law will at once come into play, and assume the proportions of a universal rule. Now, the laboring class affords a ready test of this principle. It is the preponderating unit everywhere. Those conventional limitations and interruptions which fetter other classes have here no influence. Yet has any sensible person a doubt but that mere friendship, strengthened by purely sexual attraction, has been the motive of the vast majority of marriages in this social strata? Indeed, so absurd is the theory that, curiously, it does not reach the level of discussion until we come to the cultivated classes, whose ratio to the whole is scarcely more than one to a thousand; and here it is applicable, if at all, only to a peculiar temperament, and a temperament certainly not American. There are individuals of a high physical development, possessed of a vast redundancy of passion, sensuous, magnetic, which demand a similarity of constitution in those they love. Yet even these, if they adopt Miss Alcott's test, will do it at their peril.

The most destructive method of treating this theory, however, is to assume its truth. For, see, if a fatal marriage be the highest misery—as *Emily Chester* and *Moods* most emphatically aver—then a felicitous marriage is the highest happiness, and the pursuit of highest happiness is a positive duty. There is, indeed, a species of philosophy called the "dismal" which maintains that the pursuit of the highest misery is duty; but, fortunately, its advocates, though noisy, are not numerous, and most people will probably agree that the highest happiness

is worth seeking for. It becomes, therefore, a religion to discover this twin soul. If it be not in New York, it may be in Hoboken, or in Boston, or New Orleans, or in San Francisco, or perhaps in regions even more remote, among the "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia." Pack up the carpet-bag, strap up the bandbox. Love should henceforth be resolved into a pilgrimage, and the device of all wedding-rings should be the shoon and staff!

This doctrine of "souls destined through all eternity for each other," is not the only dangerous nonsense to which our novelists have given birth. There is also the culture theory, the basis of which is that in every marriage there should be perfect companionship—that whatever may be the difference of physical stature, each must toe the same spiritual line and reach the same educational attitude. If Jill can play a sonata of Beethoven, Jack must equally play a sonata of Beethoven. If the husband is a doctor, the wife must be a nurse. Sometimes, as with Miss Shepherd, this theory takes to itself a different form, and makes marriage a cunning piece of dovetailing. In *Counterparts* there is a poet who is extravagantly fond of music, and a musician who loves poetry. Here was a match according to heaven's own ordinance; but unfortunately the poet, who is also an artist, marries a fair girl who is an artist likewise, and it is only after the fatal ceremony of the wedding that the mistake of choice is discovered. The specious morality of this book, its seductiveness, its morbid teachings, its poisonous influences, make us wonder why it should have ever been republished here, or, when printed, praised. We shall not trouble ourselves to demonstrate its unreasonableness. The proof of this is in the range of every one's experience. But, unhappily, novels of this type are read by dreamers. They readily accept the conclusions, and are prepared to put them into execution. It is so easy to establish "incompatibility of temperament!" Very few are married just as Miss Shepherd claims they should be, and if, as all these writers hold, every marriage which is not perfect is a sin, then separation, estrangement, divorce become sacred duties. How easily, under the intoxication of such views, can the home life be made intolerable!

No matter how pure may be their motives, these writings have an excessively unhealthy influence. They tend to make the earnest morbid, the silly more silly. The sin of modern society is either an over caution or an over rashness. By their extravagant pictures of unhappy wedded life, they make the class which of all others ought to marry shrink from it. By their impossible definitions of love, they force the thoughtless into the belief that there is no rule to guide them, and thus add to their constitutional recklessness. Among those already married, they infuse restlessness and dissatisfaction. There are few wives and husbands whose life is perfect harmony. The majority of mankind are forced to content themselves with harmonizing asperities, and resolutely thrusting aside everything that tends to mar domestic peace. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful feature of the conjugal relation that it compels to forbearance, to mutual yielding, to forgiveness of infirmities. Now, these books rudely sweep away all this. They depict an impossible condition. They metamorphose virtues into faults. They cater to that craving for the intense which is the unhealthy tendency of the age. They open the Pandora-box of longings and unsatisfied desires. They are a powerful adjunct, if not a creative cause, of two-thirds of the divorces in this country. And it is high time that the critical world should begin to consider their moral bearing as well as their literary execution.

MISTAKES OF PUBLISHERS.

AN entertaining chapter in the history of literature might be written concerning books that were at first rejected by the trade, but which, when at length given to the press, brought fame to their authors and profit to their publishers. A list of such books would mention some in almost every department of literature—history, poetry, romance, theology, jurisprudence, and whatever else.

Strange as it may seem, there might be placed at the head of such a list a book so universally popular

as *Robinson Crusoe*. Though De Foe was in good repute as an author, the manuscript of that book was rejected by the whole trade of London, till at length it came to the hands of a publisher who was more noted for his speculative propensities than for his good judgment. He printed it, and cleared a hundred thousand guineas by his venture; and publishers are to this day making money continually by new editions of it in all styles. *Jane Eyre* was rejected by nearly every respectable publishing house in London and was finally rescued by accident from a publisher's iron safe, where it had lain till it was moldy, by a daughter of the bookseller, who had himself forgotten it. Kinglake's *Bohen* was offered by its author to twenty different houses, and, at last, in a fit of desperation he gave the copyright to an obscure bookseller, and paid the expenses of publication out of his own pocket. *Vanity Fair* was rejected by Colburn, for whose magazine it was written, that astute publisher complaining that there was no interest in it.

Beresford tried in vain to sell the copyright of *Miseries of Human Life* for twenty pounds, but when it was published more than five thousand pounds were realized from the sales. *The Rejected Addresses* was really rejected by Murray, though the price asked for it was only twenty pounds. A publisher was afterwards found for it, and, after sixteen editions had been published, the same Murray gave a hundred and thirty-one pounds for the right to issue a new edition. The total amount received by the authors was more than a thousand pounds. Wolfe's exquisite *Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore* was so scornfully rejected by a leading literary periodical, that the author, when sending it to an obscure Irish newspaper, timidly withheld his name, through fear of being cauterized by the critics.

Buchan offered the copyright of his *Domestic Medicine* to every principal bookseller in Edinburgh and London for a hundred pounds, without securing a purchaser. After it had passed through twenty-five editions the copyright was sold for sixteen hundred pounds. Drew's *Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul*, a masterpiece of profound thought acute reasoning, and logical accuracy, was offered to a publisher for ten pounds. He thought the risk too great, and the book was published by subscription. A second edition being called for, the author advanced the price of the copyright to twenty pounds, and found a purchaser at that price. It passed through several editions in England, France, and America, and, as the author outlived the copyright, he gave the work a thorough revision, and sold it for two hundred and fifty pounds.

The manuscript of the first volume of *Blair's Sermons* was sent to Strahan, the king's printer, who, after examining it, wrote a letter to the author discouraging the publication. It was not till Dr. Johnson had warmly commended the work, both in conversation and by note to Mr. Strahan, that he ventured to give a hundred pounds for it. Such was the unpropitious reception of one of the most successful theological works that was ever published. The sale was so rapid and extensive that the publisher made Dr. Blair a present of another hundred pounds, paid him three hundred pounds for the second volume, and six hundred for each of the others. Pridcaux's *Connections* was bandied about from hand to hand among the publishers for more than two years, none of them venturing to publish it. It remained in manuscript till Archdeacon Echard, the author's friend, urged it upon Tonson, who published it and made a fortunate speculation by so doing.

Several similar cases have occurred in the history of American literature. Lowell Mason's first book of music, the *Handel and Haydn* collection, was rejected by the large publishing houses of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; but when published it ran rapidly through forty editions. *Sunnyside* was at different times anxiously urged upon five different publishers, all of whom rejected it. An edition of five hundred copies was at last issued at the expense of the author's friends. In less than two years the fortieth thousand was printed, and it was estimated that the book had then been read by more than three hundred thousand persons. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* met with a decided rebuff from the English publishers. Murray, to whom it was first offered, de-

cidedly rejected it; and Longman, after a more thorough examination than Murray had given, came to the same conclusion. It was finally published by Richard Bentley, and had such success that he declared it the best book he had ever brought out.

It was stated in a literary periodical some years ago that a New York publisher fought the author of a certain novel from spring to fall, and then surrendered from sheer inability to resist importunity any longer. After the book was stereotyped, he offered every inducement to another publisher to take it off his hands, but without success. In despair he finally published it, and the sale went up to twenty thousand copies. If rumors current at the time of its publication were correct, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had a narrow escape from rejection. When the critic of Jewett & Co. read the chapters of the story as they appeared in the *National Era*, he decided that a republication of them in book form would not be warranted as a business enterprise. His wife, however, insisted that the book would sell, and insisted so strenuously that he recommended it to his principals; and when published it did sell to an extent altogether unparalleled in the history of books.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BELGIAN GOSSIP.

BLANKENBERGHE, BELGIUM, August 17, 1866.

This is a remarkably pleasant village a few miles further up the channel than Ostend, and one entirely without any *raison d'être*, except bathing. The sea-bathing is excellent. The sands are fine and hard, and the beach extends farther than the eye can reach in each direction. It is a less fashionable place than Ostend, and much more primitive. The arrangements for bathing are much like those of Newport, only the bathing-houses are much more comfortable and better furnished than those of any American beach that I have seen, and are moved on wheels up and down so as always to be on the edge of the changing tide, thus securing the bather from having to run too far. They have here, also, a set of male (and a few female) *baigneurs*, who go out with ladies and children to teach them swimming, float them, keep them from danger, etc. Persons of both sexes go in together, decorously clad. The bathing hours are from six to eight in the morning, and then from ten to one. There is almost no afternoon or evening bathing, which I find that the physicians of Europe unanimously condemn. One may see in and around this little village the pure and primitive Flemish life and costumes which have so nearly disappeared from all other parts of Belgium. They all wear wooden shoes, which are purchased at from four to seven cents (American) per pair, and never wear out. The uniform, white, long-headed cap in which it would seem the females are all born, makes every girl, even children, look aged. The women all wear skirts reaching a little below the knee. Their faces are much handsomer than those of the French or English peasants, and their forms less crooked and wasted. On Sundays every woman is shrouded in a black cloak, to which a cowl is affixed which covers the head, and to see them going to or returning from church is funereal enough. On Wednesday last the *fête* of the Assumption brought a large crowd of the country people into Blankenberghe. A large painting of the miraculous draught of fishes was brought from the church and set up in the center of the chief street; an altar was built in front of it, and candles and images placed on it. After grand mass in the church, a long procession was formed, more curious than any that I have ever seen in any foreign land. Four little girls supported on their shoulders a platform on which was a gaudily-dressed and silver-crowned image of the Virgin Mary. Other girls similarly carried huge dolls representing Elizabeth and Anna. Some boys carried a hideous wax bust, life size, of St. Peter. Some sailors carried at the top of long poles, gaudily ornamented, models of ships. The priest walked under a large scarlet canopy, which was supported by four subordinates, and choristers marched, chanting with fearful discords from their books, before and behind him. They halted in the street before the altar I have described, and all knelt on the pavement while a service was intoned and the host elevated. There has also been a funeral procession here since I arrived, which was weird and strange enough. In front of the coffin was borne a large canvas or banner on which were painted a death's head, an expiring candle, and some books. A death's head and crossed bones also surmounted the pole which supported this banner. The large crowd chanted—almost shouted—a wild and mournful dirge, which was the dreariest thing I ever heard. Each seemed to be chant-

ing for himself, and in his own time, without reference to any unison with others. The procession moved very rapidly.

Catholicism is supported in Belgium because it is yet real to the people, and not by any external power. It is consequently less discordant to a Protestant's feelings to see its symbols. The peasantry are, indeed, very ignorant, with all their good humor and good looks. It is hard to know just what to think of the influence of the Roman Catholic religion on such people. When one sees notices in churches that such and so many prayers will prove effectual against the cholera—which is still raging in all the chief Belgian towns, though slightly on the decline—one almost feels as if there should be a forcible interruption of a faith which leads people to substitute ceremonies for those sanitary regulations and reforms which alone can prevent or mitigate disease. But then, on the other hand, when one finds the people gaining by their prayers courage and faith—a courage which prevents dangerous panics—sees them reposing on their prayers, and staying at home to attend to those who are stricken, it is hard to say that they do not gain as much by their superstition, in a sanitary point of view, as they would gain by its overthrow. There is one thing that has been remarkably attested since the invasion, this year, of Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, and Brussels by cholera, and that is, that there are almost no really faithful and excellent nurses in cases of violent epidemics excepting Catholic "sisters." When Florence Nightingale nursed the soldiers in the Crimea, the British nation (and the American also), accustomed to the Sairey Gamps and Betsy Priggses, was enthusiastic about a woman who assumed the extraordinary rôle of doing her duty. When our war came on, we found that patriotism could make every other woman a Florence Nightingale; but in an epidemic patriotism does not directly work its wonders, and people are relegated to what may be accomplished by human sympathy and religious feeling. In England, since this epidemic broke out, many ladies of high position have been interested to procure subscriptions for, and pay nurses for, the enlarged hospital accommodations which were necessary; but they have not themselves become nurses for cholera patients. I should not say this, however, without mentioning that a Quaker girl, whose friends have not permitted her name to appear in print, did enter the London hospitals and nurse the sick day and night, and teach other persons to nurse them, in the bravest way. But everywhere the Catholic "sisters" have been confronting the cholera in angelic regiments. Never shrinking from the most unpleasant services of this horrible disease, never resting, without any thought of fear, they have shown the most noble devotion. They have in Belgium saved many thousands who, but for them, must have perished. Some of these nuns have been stricken down with the disease, but there has never been a moment's difficulty in filling their places with others. Since I have been here, the mayor of a town in France (I believe) sent to a monastery in Bruges to inquire "on what terms nurses could be obtained." The nuns wrote to ask him how many he desired, and closed with these words: "So long as we have not succumbed to the epidemic we are always ready to go. We give our services to God, and receive not pay." Not long since the sisters of a Catholic institution near Liverpool offered their services to the council of that city to attend cholera patients in the hospital. Incredible as it may seem, the council of that godly city declined on the ground that since patients of all religious beliefs were admitted to their hospitals, it would not be proper to admit as nurses persons of any particular denomination! The idea of a man doubled up with cholera caring what is the religion of the person who is trying to assuage his agony, or of any one dreaming of influencing the religious opinions of a person attacked with cholera! But Liverpool always was, and always will, I suppose, remain the meanest and most brutal city on earth. It was there that they longest clung to the slave-trade, and there respectable merchants tried to drown Clarkson when he was hunting out slavers on the Mersey. It was there that there was a long and concerted opposition to the introduction of gaslights on the streets. It was thence that the *Alabama* issued. It is there that some seventy thousand pounds have in all been given toward cleansing the Augean stables in which its poor live, whilst just six times that much was given out of the taxes of the people to adorn an aristocratic park five miles from the city—too far for the people to visit it freely. Yes, Liverpool may bear the palm of being the meanest city now on the face of the globe, and may heaven help those who are there attacked with cholera and subjected to that city's rigidly orthodox mercies.

I started out with the idea of writing you a strictly Blankenbergian letter, but have strayed a little. Just

now the Belgian papers are very interesting. The leading paper of Belgium is *L'Indépendance Belge*; then we have the *Journal de Bruxelles*, *L'Etoile Belge*, *Journal de Bruges*, and good journals of Antwerp, Ghent, and Liège. Their sentiments are generally liberal. Just now what makes them particularly interesting is that the Parisians, who, in their present excitement are prohibited the expression of their discontent in their own journals, are using for that purpose the Belgian newspapers. Each day these journals are filled with the most powerful and scathing articles on the humiliation before Prussia to which Louis Napoleon has brought France. The suppression of the *Courrier du Dimanche* has produced an extreme excitement throughout this entire region. It was much as if President Johnson should suppress *The New York Tribune*. It is ascribed partly to the Emperor's personal spite against its leading editor, Prévost-Paradol, on account of that keen retort which the latter made when, with his fresh academic honors, he was presented to the Emperor. "I regret," said the Emperor on that occasion, "that I cannot number a gentleman of your talents among my friends." "I equally regret it, sire," was the chilling response. The conversation so interrupted has been renewed, but this time it is all on one side—one speaker having stopped the other's mouth. The Emperor must feel very keenly the sarcasms which are filling the entire European press. A Belgian paper gravely announced: "We are not able to record any great achievement of the French Emperor on the continent of Europe; but he has utterly routed the office of the *Courrier*." It is not known exactly how long these newspapers will have these field-days; for it seems evident that the French Emperor is desirous of satisfying his excited and angry subjects by throwing them Belgium. What stands in the way of immediately annexing Belgium is chiefly shame. To reply to Bismarck by seizing poor little Belgium would be to follow the schoolboy's vengeance—"I can't lick you; but I'll make faces at your sister." Nevertheless, I should not wonder if the faces were soon made at sister Belgium and the witty newspapers all suppressed.

The young King of Belgium, who has just recovered from an attack of small-pox, seems to be much beloved by his people. He is a good-looking man, a little over thirty years of age, and very grave. He looks delicate. He has a well-shaped, longish, Dutch head, dark complexion, soft brown eyes, prominent and good nose, rather inclined to be aquiline. He seems to have much humility, is earnest, and speaks well. His Queen, who was an Austrian archduchess, is remarkably pretty. The King is just now very uneasy, it is thought, about the position of his country between Bismarck and Napoleon, who are now pitted against each other like two cocks, with all nations forming a ring around them. The question is seriously asked here whether England will interfere to protect the country which is her own offspring. I think not. Belgium may be torn limb from limb, but the Manchester school, which now prevails in English politics, will not suffer any foreign war (*i. e.*, of intervention) for any purpose whatever.

The Empress Charlotte (of Mexico) is to-day in Brussels. Her visit over here excites a vast deal of attention, and you will hardly get the reason of it or its results from the French journals. In Belgium, to the royal house of which she is so nearly related, we know something about it. She came primarily to ask for a subsidy from France to hold Maximilian on his throne. When she came, the French Emperor pretended to be too unwell to see her. He has, however, since notified her that a "subsidy" is out of the question. She then asked that at least the French claims on Mexico may be foregone. Louis Napoleon told her she had best go the rounds and see her friends, and return to him when he has less frightful embarrassments around him. The poor Empress has been almost heart-broken. She was gloomy enough about Mexican affairs when she came, but she had not heard a word of the fearful defeat and degradation of Austria until she arrived at St. Nazaire. She is very sad, and it is feared that her health is suffering. She is going at once to Vienna. M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, September 8, 1866.

I MENTIONED in my last one or two of the new books that Ticknor & Fields have put upon their autumn list, because the most important; but the others deserve enumeration and some comment. Several are not new announcements, being laid over from the spring lists; such is the *Biglow Papers*, second series, a somewhat hazardous attempt on Lowell's part to sustain the very great reputation of the earlier ventures. The volume will probably be made up almost wholly, if not entirely, of such contributions in that vein as he has already printed in the periodicals during or since the war. This

continuation of the old joke—if so light a name can be given to matters of profound interest, which the late President taught us could be discussed in a “story”—can hardly have convinced the author, I think, that the same intense enjoyment came with it to the general reader as when the habit was new to him and the experience fresh to them. Prof. Lowell undertook a dangerous experiment in this continuation, and the infrequency with which he has pursued it seems to give some evidence of doubt on his part for its permanent success. When the Sanitary Fair was held at Baltimore, two years ago and more, he made an autograph copy of his *Courtin*, to be rendered in fac-simile in the volume that J. P. Kennedy edited for that occasion, and this copy he altered, by the introduction of several new stanzas, with a result that hardly warranted his interference with the original condition of that clever bit of domestic satire. The verses as they stand in the printed editions have never been altered, I believe; and it remains to be seen whether his after-thought will embody them in the new series. Lowell's admirers are many, if the popular sale does not rank him among the chief favorites of the masses, and relatively, I believe, his acceptableness with the public is greater in England than with us; and such expectants will be glad to know that a handsome edition of *Sir Launfal* is preparing, with illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr., to be published by the same house. We are likely to have much the same competitive spirit in the trade in the issue of expensive fine editions this autumn as last. Tilton & Co. are preparing several, and Hammett Billings has been long working upon them in their interest. Roberts Brothers are to issue Jean Ingelow in good style, from work done in England. Besides those above enumerated, we are to have from Ticknor & Fields a new edition of *Evangeline*, with some of Darley's work in the illustrations—a theme quite within his province; and Hennessey is preparing designs for a handsome edition of Whittier's *Maud Muller*—the first time, if I remember rightly, that the Quaker poet has had the adornment of the pencil, and *Maud Muller* is certainly the happiest stroke of his for such appreciation from the public. I mentioned before, I think, a new volume of miscellaneous poems from Whittier, which is to be called the *Ten*. *“The Beach, and Other Poems,”* which, if sure of as good a welcome as the sympathetic little poem of *Snow-bound*, published last winter, can but be a good venture for publisher and author. Whittier's prolificness tells very little against his continued favor with the mass; and even as a prose writer, the new edition of his prose, which was announced last winter, and is now assigned to this autumn's lists, shows that his popularity is not transient. Beside the new volume of poems and the *Dante* from Longfellow, we are to have another new edition of his complete prose and verse, which is announced as “revised,” to be uniform with the “Farrington edition” of Tennyson, which they issued last winter, to be in three and four volumes respectively.

Another of their announcements, the Rev. Julius H. Ward's *Life of J. G. Perceval*, carries us back to the early days of creative American poetry, and associates the thought with the recent death of John Pierpont, whose life, with so many memories of progress, literature, and the pulpit, would not be an uninteresting one for a biographer, and place him as one of the prominent figures in the “salad days” of our poetic literature along with the names of Sprague, Dana, and the rest. And this reminds me of a canceled obligation of the preacher-poet which once came under Charles Sprague's eye, as cashier of the Globe Bank, upon which the brother bard indorsed:

“Behold a marvel, seldom seen of men—
Lines of no value from John Pierpont's pen.”

The memoirs of Pierpont would take in a survey of almost every social characteristic and aspect of psychological development and political changes, as well as literary signs, since the century came in. It could hardly fail to be a curious one, also, if the venerable poet has preserved a fair share of his correspondence and manuscripts.

One or two other books on this new list of theirs, like Mr. Garrison's *History of the Anti-Slavery Struggle in the United States* and Edmund Quincy's *Life of Josiah Quincy*, also carry us back to the days of our fathers and grandfathers, and promise to be some additions to the catalogues of our histories.

Still another volume of Thoreau's writings is also announced, taking its name from *The Yankee in Canada*, a paper so called being the leading article, but also containing various other papers of a like character and of a semi-political nature. Agassiz will collect his papers on Brazil, as they have appeared in the *Atlantic*, which, with others, will form a volume called *Travels in Brazil*. Whipple's new volume of essays is another of these ex-

pected publications; as also the late President Felton's *Lectures on Greece*, the theme he so well and so often illustrated. Mr. Fields himself is to edit a selection from the prose of Milton, to make a uniform edition with his edition of Sir Thomas Browne, issued a few years ago; and Grace Greenwood is to offer us a new collection of sketches.

Of poetry, the same publishers add some special announcements. One is a revised edition, with a new portrait, of the poems of Thomas K. Hervey, in “blue and gold,” the widow of the deceased poet, if I am not in error, undertaking the collecting and editing of the poems. Another house had announced this collection some time ago, and the present issue is undertaken, I presume, with a mutual understanding. Mrs. Aker's volume in “blue and gold” is again announced from their last spring list. Bayard Taylor's *Picture of St. John*, which is said to be the experiences of a painter who has such a subject on his easel, and written in a stanza of some peculiarities, is in progress also for the autumn list. The poet's friends have been reading the proofs for some time past. A new number of the “Companion Poets” series in a little volume called *Religious Poems*, by Mrs. Stowe, is another of these continued announcements. Lucy Larcom's volume does not promise much with its alliterative and sentimental title, *Breathings of a Better Life*.

Little, Brown & Co. have issued Volume VIII. of their revised edition of Burke; its contents pertain wholly to India and the trial of Warren Hastings. The volumes have run pretty evenly so far, and before spring the series will probably be completed, unless it be decided to add the life and correspondence, which the purchasers would like, but it probably depends on the success of the present undertaking whether this increase will be made. The editing is in such good hands that it is very desirable to have this edition carried to the utmost limit.

Patrick Donahoe, the Catholic publisher, has issued in a small volume two tales by an Irish story writer, *Redmond, Count o' Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee*, and *Barney Brady's Goose; or, Dark Doings at Slathbeg*.

Roberts Brothers are now selling the eleventh thousand of *Ecce Homo*. They issue Barry Cornwall's memoir of Charles Lamb on the 10th of September, in a handsome 16mo volume of over 300 pages. *The Book of the Sonnet* is now under the eye of Mr. Bigelow, of the University Press, who is giving particular care to the proofs. The essays by Leigh Hunt and Mr. Lee, his American editor, are all printed, and the accompanying sonnets are now going through the press, with the necessary care for verifying the text by the best authorities. The work is not stereotyped, and the edition is limited to 1,500 copies, 500 of which go to London, and consequently destined to rank ultimately among rare books, and its workmanship is likely to enhance its rarity. Mr. Alger is closing his labor on his *Genius of Solitude*, to have the book ready for the fall trade, and Miss Luyster is hard at work on her translation of the *Life and Works of Madame Ricamier*—a choice biography for the lovers of that department of literature, and to be ready during the autumn. They will also have ready before the holidays a novel by Jean Ingelow, a venture the admirers of that lady will await with interest and trust. They are now selling the twentieth thousand of her *Poems*, and are also preparing an edition in the “blue and gold” shape, illustrated by Billings, and enriched with a new likeness of the author. They are printing the third thousand of Miss Rossetti's poems, and it must be some gratification to her friend and sister with the muse, Miss Ingelow, that something of the same favor she has experienced at our hands is awarded to her compatriot.

of a hearty and loving study of good authors. All I meant to say was, that classical instruction, in the main, is very superficially conducted in this country, and it grieves me to add that I am of the same opinion still.

Perhaps our text-books are better now than they used to be, and, railroad fashion, will carry us to a given point by a route smoother and straighter than our ancestors traveled over; and if to reach the journey's end in the shortest possible time were the sole thing to think of, there could be no gainsaying the advantage of the new over the old. But improved text-books do not necessarily give us improved scholars; and however gratifying it is to have Ruddiman give place to Zumpt, and to see our lexicons growing bigger every year, we must not expect to increase our own stature by perching on an Alpine height of grammars and dictionaries. The books in use fifty years ago, and the method of instruction then pursued, shaped the education of such men as Choate, Everett, Hugh S. Legaré. A hundred years earlier the cause of classical literature was sustained and dignified by the scholarship of Richard Bentley. Who can detect in the vigor and correctness of his Latin prose any want of that thorough training which is deemed to be the peculiar advantage of modern methods of instruction?

Again, if there is so much virtue in our text-books and the new ways of using them, we should be preserved more surely than ever from the blunders of ignorance and the imposition of quacks. But what would your correspondent say were he to hear an instructor teaching a pupil to pronounce the genitive of *musa musayee*, or a college professor asking a young man to parse *córonam* in a line of Virgil? Perhaps we had better go back to the old stage coach and turnpike, if our railroad flight through the rudiments brings such results with it. And this leads me to inquire whether it is so, very clear that the helps we now enjoy in the shape of revised text-books, etc., are such a great benefit to sound learning. It is music to the ear to talk about making the pathway of the young scholar all sunny and smiling. His feet, therefore, should be carefully shod, and the road made straight and smooth, so that he can jog easily on, rejoicing to find

“That Latin is no more difficult
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.”

But the inevitable law of trade holds good here, also. If you want your wares up to the mark, you must pay the full price. Cheapen and beat down, and you get goods accordingly. So the student, if he is not willing to pay the full price of honest scholarship, must not complain of short measure or a mean fabric; if four hands must be placed under him to lift him over every hard spot, let him know that his joints will be weak and his nerves powerless to scale the rugged heights that every one must climb who would master the classics. Hard work, however, is not what the student is naturally inclined to. Ease is his prayer, to which college professors cheerfully lend the ear of indulgent parents. So we slide along through our classical course, picking up a few shreds out of *Arnold's Prose*, murdering some dozen odes of Horace, and wishing Thucydides had died of the plague. During the last year of college life we contrive to bury what little Latin we did have in solid oblivion. If the plain truth be told, this whole thing is a question of teachers, and not text-books. Wherever you meet a Dr. Busby or a Dr. Parr, you will find good scholars in the rear. But because this one or that one has contrived to squat in a professor's chair, he is not necessarily qualified to be a teacher. We all know how these things are managed. Given a little money, or much audacity, or a board of trustees in their dotage, and you have the conditions, singly or combined, that regulate the choice of most of the professors in this land of liberty.

I have taken up only one of the considerations which your correspondent presents, but, Mr. Editor, the magnitude of the theme must be my excuse for dwelling on it so long. This matter of text-books, sir, is one of the greatest questions which the genius of modern civilization has developed. Mighty republics may be convulsed with the throes of civil war, the political chart of Europe be entirely revolutionized by the fearful efficiency of the needle-gun; but all such subjects as these dwindle into nothing when compared with the importance of carefully securing improved text-books for our schools and colleges. But to decide rightly among the various candidates for favor requires not less earnest zeal than was manifested in the discussion that arose a few years ago among the antiquaries over the most approved reading of a certain passage in the venerable ballad of *Old King Cole*. The *textus receptus* of the passage referred to, as all are aware, runs as follows:

“Owld Kyng Cole was a lollye owld soule
And hee cauled forre fythcles three.”

But, covered with learned dust, there has been brought to

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE STUDY OF CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: As your correspondent, “S. M. S.,” in THE ROUND TABLE of Sept. 1, appears to have misapprehended me on one or two points, with your permission I will endeavor, in few words, to set him right.

In the first place, your correspondent is doubtful whether I was in earnest in writing the communication he alludes to. Let me assure him I was never more so in my life. Next, my remarks were not dictated in any spirit of hostility to classical education, as he seems to think they were. It is safe to say that the foundations of sound scholarship cannot be laid broad and deep without a careful study of the ancient languages. As Dr. Parr has it, “Classical learning best fits a man for the duties of public and private life.” But the doctor meant *learning*—not the shell of it; not the chips and sawdust of a modern recitation room, but the learning that is the fruit

light in the Bodleian Library, through the industry of modern research, a remarkable fragment of this ballad, which presents us the following variation of the above passage:

"Merrye Kynge Cole was sette round a boule,
And he cawll'd for fytlers thre."

Critics have not yet decided which is the best reading of these two, but those who have not access to the treasures of the Bodleian will find it for their advantage to consult notes to *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*.

Very respectfully yours,

TALUS.

REVIEWS.

RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY.*

"MAN," said Goethe, "is not born to solve the mystery of existence; but he must, nevertheless, attempt it, in order that he may learn how to keep within the limits of the knowable." To the majority of mankind, discussions of the sort to which the present volume is a commentary have always been, and perhaps will always continue to appear, not only profoundly mysterious, but—and partly as a consequence—profoundly useless. There exists in the common mind a perception—dim and hazy, no doubt, but pervasive and obstinately clung to—that such discussions end where they begin—in nothing. The philosophers, it is thought, acquire a certain jargon, a faculty of making themselves unintelligible, but practically they do very little more. And if they do, what becomes of it? Even working-men may now and then hear it said that in these researches speculation works in a circle; that Plato knew as much as Sir William Hamilton, and that John Stuart Mill could teach nothing to Aristotle. Neither is it for the uneducated alone that such persuasions exist, are constantly disseminated, and arrived at afresh by new generations of minds. On the contrary, minds of a certain practical and material cast, and which have grappled with the subject exhaustively—minds which must be conceded to be both strong and highly cultured—are constantly found to arrive at the same conclusion. It is not for the merely uneducated alone that the beautiful thought of Goethe is too recondite. We find thinkers like Mr. Lewes expressing constantly, in various ways, what he expressed twenty years ago: "In this constant circular movement of philosophy and constant linear progress of positive science we see the condemnation of the former. It is in vain to argue that because no progress has yet been made we are not, therefore, to conclude none will be made; it is in vain to argue that the difficulty of philosophy is much greater than that of any science, and therefore greater time is needed for its perfection. The difficulty is impossibility. No progress is made because no certainty is possible. To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena, their resemblances and successions, is to aspire to transcend the limitations of human faculties. To know more, we must be more. This is our conviction. It is also the conviction of the majority of thinking men. Consciously or unconsciously, they condemn philosophy. They discredit or disregard it. The proof of this is in the general neglect into which philosophy has fallen, and the greater assiduity bestowed on positive science. Loud complaints of this neglect are heard. Great contempt is expressed by the philosophers. They may rail and they may sneer, but the world will go its way. The empire of positive science is established."

This was written at a time when Mr. Lewes was absorbed in admiration of the new-born system of Comte, a thinker who illustrates more strikingly still the meeting of the extremes, the common conclusion of the half-instinctive persuasion of the ignorant and the instructed reason of the most elaborately educated. Comte, as is well known, goes to the length of rejecting not only metaphysics, but theology itself; regarding them as obsolete, fruitless, and their dogmas, indeed, as so many useless impediments in the onward march to such a mastery of physical laws as would bear in the most exhaustive sense upon the social well-being of mankind. A plow-boy and Auguste Comte arrive, then, at the same con-

viction as regards the utility of philosophical speculations. But men have always made, and probably will always continue to make, them; none the less, perhaps, because a recognition of the general prejudice sometimes leads them to make apologies for philosophical publications. Thus Mr. Mill, in his essay on Sir William Hamilton, plainly answers the plausible objections. The justification of the work, he says, lies in the importance of the questions to the discussion of which it is a contribution. He claims that thinkers are again beginning to see, what they had only temporarily forgotten, that a true psychology is the indispensable scientific basis of morals, of politics, of the science and art of education; that the difficulties of metaphysics lie at the root of all science; that these difficulties can only be quieted by being resolved, and that until they are resolved, positively if possible, but at any rate negatively, we are never assured that any human knowledge, even physical, stands on solid foundations. A direct issue between two such men as Comte and Mill as to the value of metaphysical or philosophical investigation, may well stagger ordinary intelligences respecting the ground they stand upon or what they are to believe.

Professor Masson's book does not particularly aid the inquirer in resolving his convictions either upon this major or on any of the minor questions of philosophy. The lectures of which it consists were delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain last year while the author was still editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and before he had succeeded to the chair vacated, if we mistake not, by the late William Edmonstone Aytoun. They profess briefly to give a survey of recent British philosophy—that is to say, for the last thirty years. Such a work by such a man must necessarily be respectable, thoughtful, and dependable. Perhaps we have no right to expect that it should be either original or strikingly suggestive. Professor Masson makes no pretension to be a Bain, a Hamilton, a Spencer, or a Stuart Mill, but only an intelligent and educated observer and commentator. He has a kindly heart, a hard Scotch head, a thorough mastery of technical dialectics, and a style not always lucid or agreeable. Take a passage on page 224, where he is speaking of "the attempt of British transcendentalism, in Ferrier, to move out of the Hamiltonian system altogether, by leaving natural realism in disgust, and then not stopping even in any ordinary form of idealism, but passing sheer on to the doctrine of absolute identity." He proceeds:

"How it would strike to quick transparence all the gloom! How, seen at its highest, as the assertion of a one absolute mind in synthesis with all things it need not fear, because it could overmatch and spiritualize, through and through and round and round, any expansion of the cosmological conception that science might empirically compel, if even into a vast periodicity from nebula to nebula again—clearing, as it would, the whole periodicity of its materialistic horror, or of its dread of being shared by a nothingness," etc., etc.

This may not be absolutely unintelligible, but a little of it will go a great way.

The first chapter is devoted to a thirty years' survey of the aggregate speculations of the ablest British minds during that period. The second, to the traditional differences as repeated in Carlyle, Hamilton, and Mill; including the psychological, the cosmological, and the ontological differences. The third chapter is a consideration of the effects of recent scientific conceptions on philosophy. The fourth and final chapter is called *Latest Drifts and Groupings*, and is divided into sections respectively entitled, *Native Seniors, British Comtism, Mr. Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Hamiltonianism and its Modifications, Mr. Ferrier and a British Hegelian, Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism, and Mr. Mill on Sir William Hamilton*.

In his conspectus of recent philosophical writings and writers, Professor Masson is very liberal, although, as we think, no more so than is just. Thus, he includes not only Hamilton but Tennyson, not only Carlyle but Charles Kingsley, not only Stuart Mill but Matthew Arnold, not only Comte but De Quincey, not only Whately but Harriet Martineau, not only Buckle and Spencer but Arthur Helps and Fitzjames Stephen. He says, in explaining the introduction of the name of the Laureate:

"To those who are too strongly possessed with our common habit of classifying writers into kinds, as histo-

rians, poets, scientific and speculative writers, and so on, it may seem strange to include Mr. Tennyson in this list; but as I have advisedly referred to Wordsworth as one of the representatives and powers of British philosophy in the age immediately past, so I advisedly named Tennyson as succeeding him in the same character. Though it is not power of speculative reason alone that constitutes a poet, it is not felt that the worth of a poet essentially is measured by the amount and depth of his speculative reason? Even popularly, do we not speak of every great poet as the exponent of the spirit of his age? What else can this mean than that the philosophy of his age—its spirit and heart in relation to all the great elemental problems—finds expression in his verse? Hence I ought to include other poets in this list, and more particularly Mr. Browning and Mrs. Browning and the late Mr. Clough. But let the mention of Tennyson suggest such other names, and stand as a sufficient protest against our absurd habit of omitting such in a connection like the present."

There are many new words and new classifications of the various distinctions and differences in the diverse schools of speculative thought in Professor Masson's pages, but we cannot, as we have already hinted, find many new ideas. He would call *empiricism*, for example, what Mr. Mill would call *experientialism*, both meaning, of course, the antithesis of *transcendentalism*. The instance is suggestive enough, and fairly illustrates the practice of most philosophers in all time. They find two principles with a great variety of contingent analogies depending upon them, and the philosophical mind seems to run habitually into synonymy. These leading principles—deduction and induction—deduction, which is synthetic, ideal, theological, and theoretical; induction, which is analytical, sensuous, scientific, and practical—the first transcendental, the second experiential, or, as our author would have it, empirical—cover the gist and include the differences of recent British philosophy, just as they did those of remote Greek philosophy, and as they probably will those of all philosophies until the end of time. Professor Masson's classifications of (1) *nihilism or non-substantialism*, (2) *materialism*, (3) *natural realism*, (4) *constructive idealism*, (5) *pure idealism*, and (6) *absolute identity* may have uses of convenience for controversialists, but scarcely those of enlarging the range of our thoughts. It is easy to infer that our author is, while a warm admirer of Mr. Mill's intellect, no close adherent to his principles. He is generally fair-minded, however, and praises freely where he does not always agree. In speaking of Buckle, "whose great idea, that for which he lived and died, was the possibility of a science of history," he says:

"In prosecuting this idea, Mr. Buckle put forth a number of more or less suggestive conjectures and criticisms, and revealed also certain strong idiosyncrasies—in particular, his passion for liberty of thought, and his abomination of the theological spirit in all times and countries. There was a breaking away in him, too, as is often interestingly the case with enthusiastic empiricists of his type into a consoling private transcendentalism of his own accessible from his general system by a wicket to which he only had the key. But, on the whole, it must have been chiefly owing to the small amount of public familiarity there was in this country with exercises of speculation in the same general direction, and particularly with Comte's, that Mr. Buckle's doctrine ran about with such a clamor of rejection and acceptance. As far as I know, all that was essential in them might have been cut out of a corner of Comte, or out of that, with a portion of Mill in addition—though I do not mean to say the author got at them by any such immediate method; and there was a crudity about his statements of them, an incoherence, and a sort of slap-dash contemptuousness towards whole centuries and civilizations of the past, on account of their using battle-axes, burning witches, wearing shoes, or some trifle of that sort, from which the more comprehensive genius of Comte kept him free. It was Mr. Buckle's intellectual courage, his pugnacity for ideas that had roused and invigorated himself, that was his main merit. In our country it is a great merit, because still a rare one."

Professor Masson's favorite among recent British philosophers is doubtless Mr. Herbert Spencer. He considers that that thinker is the one of all others who has formed to himself the largest new scheme of a systematic philosophy, and that as regards some of its most important forms, as "set or reset by the last speculations and revelations of science," Mr. Spencer is the one who "has already shot his thoughts the farthest." Unlike Mr. Bain, "he both works out his philosophy physiologically and psychologically from the center, and, what seems to me an eminent merit in relation to the intellectual needs of the time, surveys it and contemplates it from the circumference cosmologically. Indeed, I should say that he is the British thinker who has most distinctly realized the absolute necessity that philosophy lies under of deal-

* *Recent British Philosophy. A Review, with Criticisms; including some Comments on Mr. Mill's Answer to Sir William Hamilton.* By David Masson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

ing with the total cosmological conception as well as with the mere psychical or physiological organism (and this from the demonstrable inter-relatedness of both), if it would grasp all the present throbbings of the speculative intellect." And as regards Spencer's comprehensiveness in connecting science and metaphysics, it is very justly observed that in no other writings are the various sciences so fished for generalizations that may come together as a whole to help in forming a philosophy; nowhere a more beautiful and fearless exposition of some of those recent scientific notions (*vide* chapter third) which affect our views of metaphysical problems.

"But Mr. Spencer does not stop short in the character of an interpreter between science and philosophy, handing on the conceptions of science to that congress of all the powers where they are to be adjusted and take effect. He assumes the work of the philosopher proper. He seeks to enmesh the physical round of things, as science now orients it to the instructed imagination, within a competent metaphysic; he desires to fix in the center a competent psychology, consistent with this metaphysic, and yet empirically and physiologically educed; and he would fill up the interior, or what of it the physical sciences leave void, with a competent ethics, a competent jurisprudence, a competent aesthetics, a competent science of education, and a competent science of government and politics."

The mind of our author does not seem thus far to have been favorably affected by the phenomena of spiritualism, and the passages wherein he refers to the subject are bald and disappointing ones. The chief influence, he affirms, of all these forms of speculative research or bewilderment (*i.e.*, rappings, table-turnings, and the like), worth noting here, seems to be one of a cosmological kind. What they all inculcate, from the most moderate animal magnetism up to the most involved dreams of the Swedenborgians and spirit-rappers, is simply the idea that our familiar phenomenal world, or cosmos, may not be the total sphere of the phenomenal, or even of the phenomenal as it may possibly be brought within our apprehension by appropriate experimentation and artifice. This idea, Professor Masson adds, is old enough, and he evidently thinks it unfounded enough. Sir William Hamilton, however, for whom he has great admiration, and whose side in the controversy, we suspect, he prefers to Mr. Mill's, would, in our opinion, were he alive, be as great a believer in spiritualism as Sir Bulwer Lytton is reported to be. Sir William certainly argued in favor of the recognition of occult causes as a duty of philosophy—that is, as Professor Masson puts it, for the admission that there are credible and attested phenomena in our present experience which we are unable as yet "to refer to any known cause or class."

It is a matter for congratulation that Professor Masson's volume should so speedily be reissued here; at least, so far as it indicates the existence of a growing taste for intellectual speculation, and gives promise of that increasing activity and independence of thought which are the proper fruits of such studies. If the classics are to be neglected among us on the score of their inadequate return for the labor bestowed upon them, their being non-essential in our time to the acquisition of useful knowledge of nearly every kind, to attain which their aid was formerly indispensable, the study of that philosophy in whose mazes the most brilliant and acute contemporaneous intellects must always, it appears, be ranging to detect, to elucidate, and to expound, may, in a measure, prove an expedient substitute. So far as tangible results are concerned—the attainment of stand-points of common agreement and demonstrable tenability, where all is finished and controversy must cease—we have expressed at the outset some general views, which shall now be accompanied, in conclusion, by Professor Masson's final paragraph:

"Yes, that final alternative to which we seem to be led up by all other modes of purely speculative thought, seems to be also the alternative to which Mr. Mill's logiticism leads us up. It is the alternative of *nothingness* or *summation in an absolute*. The choice between these alternatives seems to be the question that is left open. But to say that it is left open at all is, I apprehend, the same as saying that one has to choose, now as heretofore, between empiricism and transcendentalism in philosophy. This, it seems, though with the scope and meaning of the two terms marvelously enlarged by science, is still the essential distinction. Logically, empiricism seems to have its only termination in nihilism; while absolute identity seems to be but the modern principle of transcendentalism reasoned back universally to its uttermost. Are we here in that predicament where it is only an act of faith, an impassioned throes of the soul

obeying its own structural necessity, that can effect the solution? Are we in presence of the last and most gigantic possible form of that difficulty which is said to lie at the root of all our thoughts about anything whatsoever, and to be the very law of our thoughts—the perpetual balance of two propositions, mutually contradictory, and both inconceivable, yet one of which must necessarily be true? Or where is the logic, Hegelian or any other, that shall really dare the stricter solution of uniting the two extremes, by showing how in one organic beat or swing of thought there may be comprised the whole are between nothingness and absolute being? On these questions, as well as on all the crowd of homelier questions which concern the practical filling-up of any metaphysical system to fit it for the needs and uses of the human soul, much remains to be said, and much presses on me that might be said. But it will be more consistent with the nature of this work—which professes to be only a historical review of recent British philosophy, with interspersed criticisms—if I stop, for the present, exactly at this point."

BARRY CORNWALL'S LAMB.*

TO speak in terms of commonplace eulogy of Charles Lamb to delicate and instructed minds must needs do worse than smack of impertinence. It is more like essaying to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, or lend a perfume to the violet than are most things to which those dainty metaphors are commonly applied. Lamb has slept in the quiet churchyard at Edmonton for nearly two-and-thirty years; and his poor crazed sister Mary, to whom his gentle life was an offering and a sacrifice, has lain by his side for upwards of twenty. But his memory is the dearer and sweeter to genuine lovers of English prose, to all hearts able to appreciate the unaffected, the scholarly, the tender, and the manly spirit breathing through and permeating the pages of *Elia* as the years roll on and the grass grows greener over his mortal remains. And there is something very touching in Mr. Procter's coming forward in this his seventy-seventh year to lay a wreath upon the altar of his departed friend just before—as may well happen, however we may earnestly hope the hour may be deferred—friendly hands may be invoked to decorate his own. He is now, as he says, nearly the only man surviving who knew much of the excellent *Elia*—and he knew him more intimately than any other existing person, during the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life. It is a good thing and a notable that so many venerable men of letters—men like Landor and Charles Knight and Jerdan and the author whose work now lies before us, and others—should come forward so bravely and so graciously in the evening of their days to instruct the young of our time with personal reminiscences of the wit, the genius, and the learning of those which have passed away. It is wholesome and refreshing in the moid, the wear, and the hurry of our faster and more exacting, if not more tasteful and appreciative age, to have spread before us these authentic and suggestive ana of characters whom we know how to respect, if we are unable to emulate them. At least, it may teach us in a better measure to estimate and to cherish such writers of our own day and clime whose influence will work on them, if we will allow it, something of the same genial and generous effects that writers like Charles Lamb have had upon their own. "No harm," says Mr. Procter, with a modesty which belongs to his character as well as to his experience, "possibly some benefit, will accrue to any one who may consent to extend his acquaintance to one of the rarest and most delicate of the humorists of England." No harm, and some benefit, indeed, worthy Barry Cornwall! for no one can rise from reading a book so purely conceived and so pleasantly executed, even did less interest center in its subject, without, if he have anything of literary culture or of sympathetic nature, being the better and wiser for it.

The first few paragraphs of this book relate in few words a sorrowful story, which, although often told before, has been no better told:

"The biography of Charles Lamb lies within a narrow compass. It comprehends only few events. His birth and parentage, and domestic sorrows; his acquaintance with remarkable men; his thoughts and habits; and his migrations from one home to another, constitute the sum and substance of his almost uneventful history. It is a history with one event predominant.

"The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is, probably, a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great

* *Charles Lamb: A Memoir.* By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Every thing was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who, in a moment of uncontrollable madness, had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentle woman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured, through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic."

Charles Lamb was humble in extraction, his grandmother having been merely housekeeper in a respectable family of Hertfordshire, and none of his connections appearing to have been of much superior degree. His parentage was lowly, but he was never ashamed of it. He was, however, educated at Christ's Hospital, London, and had in early life the advantage of access to a large miscellaneous library—that of one Mr. Salt—where he laid the foundations of that rich and varied reading whose results, having passed through the crucible of his sensitive and quick-seeing mind, were afterwards to charm and sparkle in his matchless, if stuttering, conversation, and more permanently in the undying pages of *Elia*. By education and habit he was a Unitarian, and by the impulses of his nature and the products of his observation a liberal in all things. He hated affectation and hypocrisy of every sort, and, while his gentleness and benevolence led him instinctively to friends always rather than enemies, he was capable at times of speaking blunt and telling truths in a fashion few others have dared to say them. "If dirt were trumps," he remarked to his friend Martin, "what a hand you would hold!" And we are glad to be told by his biographer that the gentleman receiving the reproof had "enough in him to bear it good-naturedly." Again, in one of his letters to Coleridge, when comparing his friend's merits with those of Southey, he says: "Southey has no pretensions to vie with you in the sublime of poetry, but he tells a plain story better;" while, in writing to Southey himself on the subject of a volume of poems which he had lately published, he observes: "The *Rose* is the only insipid poem in the volume; it has neither thorns nor sweetness." To Godwin, the author of *The Inquirer*—a man, by the way, whom Lamb seems never to have fancied—he offered an unpalatable criticism, which he records himself in these terms: "Godwin has written a pretty absurd book about sepulchers. He was affronted because I told him that it was better than Hervey, but not so good as Sir Thomas Browne."

The dreadful incident of the killing of Mrs. Lamb is thus detailed by Mr. Procter:

"Mary Lamb had previously been repeatedly attacked by the same dreadful disorder; and this now broke out afresh in a sudden burst of acute madness. She had been moody and ill for some little time previously, and the illness came to a crisis on the 23d of September, 1796. On that day, just before dinner, Mary seized a 'case-knife' which was lying on the table, pursued a little girl (her apprentice) round the room, hurled about the dinner forks, and finally, in a fit of uncontrollable frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart. Charles was at hand only in time to snatch the knife out of her grasp, before further hurt could be done. He found his father wounded in the forehead by one of the forks, and his aunt lying insensible, and apparently dying, on the floor of the room."

This cast a temporary shadow over the lives of all connected with the family, and a permanent one over those of Charles and Mary. The unfortunate yet innocent perpetrator of the deed continued through her long life to be subject to periodical attacks of insanity. We can think of nothing more noble in literary history than the story of Lamb's life-long devotion to this afflicted sister, nor anything more touching than Mr. Procter's account of an oft-repeated scene, described as follows:

"Soon after this time Charles took his sister Mary to live with himself entirely. Whenever the approach of one of her fits of insanity was announced by some irritability or change of manner, he would take her, under his arm, to Hoxton Asylum. It was very afflicting to encounter the young brother and his sister walking together (weeping together) on this painful errand; Mary herself, although sad, very conscious of the necessity for temporary separation from her only friend. They used to carry a strait-jacket with them."

Charles himself was at one time a little insane and made a short stay, which he mentions in a letter to Coleridge, in a lunatic asylum. In his case, however,

the disorder does not appear to have recurred. The story of Lamb's uneventful life is too well known to need repetition here; as is also the short but brilliant record of his literary achievements; and his intimacy with the giants of those days—with Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey, with Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt and Haydon; and, to come nearer to ourselves, with Sheridan Knowles, Talfourd, and Payne Collier. But we can fairly recommend this memoir as containing much which is less generally, if at all, known to the world of readers. Mr. Procter's description of his hero's person has the verisimilitude of a photograph:

"Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago) might, by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street, have noted a small, spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short, resolute step city-wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation, and did you good. This small, half-clerical man was—Charles Lamb."

We do not remember any account of the once famous *London Magazine*, its history and contributors, so clear and full as the one we find in these pages; nor is this the only instance where the author gives us fresh and interesting details of men and things which are gradually acquiring an historical character. On the other hand, there are some sketches and anecdotes which come to us familiarly, as in the case of what Mr. Procter justly terms Mr. N. P. Willis's excellent picture of Lamb at that period. The book is beautifully printed and does honor to a house which is building up for itself a substantial reputation for tasteful and trusty work, and we hope that it will be largely purchased and properly appreciated.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Philip Earncliffe; or, The Morals of May-Fair. By Mrs. Edwards. New York: The American News Company. Pp. 173. This book possesses in a considerable degree the attributes which render a novel interesting and attractive. It is neither sensational nor deeply philosophical, but the incidents are conceived and depicted with apparent reality, the characters delineated with clearness and individuality, and, while there seem to be some improbabilities in the working out of the plot, there is no exaggeration of sentiment or expression, and no special theory or purpose to be upheld or illustrated.

In an old "manoir" on the western coast of Brittany, which, with the wild scenery and surroundings, is well described by the authoress, we are introduced to an interesting and picturesque group:

"In a large arm-chair, drawn towards the center of the fire-place, sat an elderly man of noble and grave exterior. His tall figure was somewhat bent, and his white, thin hands hung with an attitude of weakness upon the arm of the chair. A rough deer-hound was at his feet; he was old and gray, but still bore traces of the strength and beauty of his youth. The nurse, Manon, is at a little distance from the fire, and, beside her father, Marguerite, the youthful heroine of the story."

As Manon is their only attendant, Marguerite assists her to prepare the evening meal.

"This has been a long day, Manon," said Marguerite, suddenly. . . . I am so tired of nothing happening." "Nothing happening!" echoed Manon. "Why, Gilbert, the peddler, was here yesterday with all the news from Quimper, and Friday eight days M. le Curé met us in the road, and in three weeks we shall have the fair at N—. Mon Dieu! it seems to me that a great deal happens." "Does it?" answered Marguerite, dreamily. "Well, I suppose so. But sometimes lately I have wished for something more—I cannot exactly tell what. What can I want, Manon?"

The repast is no sooner prepared than the great bell of the court-yard rings for the first time in twelve years at such an hour, and, after some hesitation, the doors are opened for the admission of a young gentleman, whose subsequent residence in the family renders a repetition of poor Marguerite's question quite unnecessary. Philip Earncliffe is, of course, the hero, and in the next chapter we leave Marguerite and go back some years to the early history of Philip's fam-

ily and his own life previous to his arrival in Brittany. In this part of the story we are introduced to a variety of characters and scenes in May-Fair not particularly striking for their novelty. Perhaps the best in the book is that of Miles Earncliffe, the uncle of the hero, who is an admirable specimen of the class to which he belongs. Philip is just the sort of hero to please very young ladies. Handsome, agreeable, warm-hearted, accomplished, and a successful author, his generosity and the weakness of his character lead him into numberless difficulties, and cause him to contract an early marriage with a woman whom he does not love, and from whom he is separated before his arrival in Brittany, and to postpone from day to day any information on this subject until Marguerite's innocent and confiding affection renders the disclosure inevitable. One day they walked together to visit the grotto of Morgane, and a tremendous storm arose, which compelled them to remain there for shelter. Earncliffe had no idea of their perilous position.

"The water was nearly at the mouth of the cave and already separated them from the main-land by a broad and increasing channel. Quickly it came on, each terrific wave bearing aloft a crest of whitened foam, and bringing death for them."

"We are surrounded," she cried; "I hear the waves already."

"We are surrounded, Marguerite," he answered; "but our longest chance of life is at the point we have quitted. The sea will cover the sand at our feet in a few minutes."

"He took her in his arms—she lay cold and still—and carried her quickly back to the distant opening, which was many feet higher than the floor of the grotto; and there on the rock, where they had watched the sunset, he seated himself, Marguerite still clinging to him and her long hair falling around his neck."

"They remained silent. Marguerite had gathered from Earncliffe's face the dread extent of their danger; no sound, however, escaped her lips—she was only deadly pale. But the full color of life was on Philip's cheek. It was a moment in which human passion would be supposed to die before the might of infinity around, and the certain approach of destruction; when the soul, paralyzed to every other emotion, would be concentrated upon its own fate alone, and forget the tumult of earthly desire which it had experienced a short hour or two before. But with Earncliffe it was not so. Life held no object for him so dear as the one to whom he was to be united in death; and he felt with a strange rapture that he might at length hold her to his heart and disclose his passion to her without sin. He felt himself already freed from the chain of his marriage; and that for the half hour of time which yet remained the only woman he had ever loved was his."

"Speak to me, beloved, one word; tell me, now that God alone can hear, that if I had been free, would you have loved me?"

"Even at that moment of approaching death her face flushed more brightly than on the May morning when, full of life, he had seen her among the flowers."

"O Philip! I have loved you. I have thought of nothing but you since I have known you, and I am glad to die with you—except for my father," she added. He did not hear her last words; he only heard that she loved him, that she was glad to be his in death; and his brain turned."

This is the only scene in the book which even borders on the sensational, and the subsequent incidents, though sad and wanting in relief, are natural, and the interest is well maintained. Were there more in the text referring to the "morals of May-Fair," the title would not be quite so much of a misnomer.

The Second Mrs. Tillotson. By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Hiltion & Co. 1866. Pp. 205.—If to his admirable powers of description Mr. Percy Fitzgerald could add that of inventing a good plot and sustaining the interest which his characters at first sight invariably inspire, he would at once take a very high place in the ranks of modern novelists; but there is a crowding of incidents and confusion in their order and narration which lead us to wish that, like some of the elder dramatists, the author could be furnished with the outline of a story in which his *dramatis personæ*—in many instances so artistically drawn—could move and act with some apparently adequate motive. Tillotson is a somber hero, not of the dreamy or metaphysical order, but commonplace and business-like, and it seems a matter of wonder that he could, even with all his goodness and generosity, inspire so great an amount of love and jealousy as the first Mrs. Tillotson evinces, while his alternations of blind confidence and frantic suspicion in the case of his second marriage seem incompatible with the good common sense claimed for him throughout the book. Without question, the best character in the novel is that of old Tilney, the kind-hearted, weak, generous

father of two marriageable, portionless daughters. His powerless attempts to help everybody, his extravagance and meanness, his devotion to the memory of the late "Dook" of Clarence, and his ever-recurring and always misplaced religious ejaculations, together with his ambitious aspiration for position and utter unfitness for the business of life, are all excellently described.

Ada is evidently the author's ideal of a perfect woman. A model of self-sacrificing, self-denying virtue, "beautiful exceedingly," and withal adorned with "wonderful wavy golden hair," of which mention is made so frequently as to lead us almost to wish that, like Marie Antoinette's, it had turned "white in a single night," and thus relieved us of its "golden gorgeousness." But this being, so supremely endowed with all celestial attributes, is, as a natural consequence, sadly deficient in worldly wisdom. With every desire to perform faithfully her duty to her husband, she cannot forbear an undue amount of pity for her brutal admirer Ross—a man without one redeeming quality—and arousing her husband's jealousy, she loses his confidence, endless misunderstandings arise, accompanied by bitter words, tears, and mutual recriminations, until the unfortunate Mr. Tillotson is forced to confess that in marrying an angel he has made a "sad mistake."

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

WILLIAM J. WIDDLETON.

THIS gentleman, born at Boston in 1832, went, at the age of fifteen years, from the Adams public school of that city, where he had been educated, into the employ of Saxton & Kelt, publishers and book-sellers. This firm, the successors of Saxton, Pierce & Co., were intimately connected in their business relations with Mr. C. M. Saxton, the well-known agricultural publisher of New York, who was a brother of the senior partner. In their store, next to that of Ticknor & Fields, on the "old Bookstore Corner," School and Washington Streets, Boston, Mr. Widdleton remained until 1851. He then removed to New York, and became a clerk with Mr. J. S. Redfield, the publisher, who was then occupying quarters in the old Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street. With him, through various changes and removals of location (from Clinton Hall to No. 110 and 112 Nassau, and thence to No. 34 Beekman), he remained until the fall of 1860, when he succeeded to Mr. Redfield's business and stock of books, stereotype plates, etc. Among these were the works of Halleck, Præd, Hosmer, Prof. Aytoun, Doran, Houssaye, R. Shelton Mackenzie, Poe, Simms, J. M. Bird, Wm. H. Herbert, Alice Cary, Dean Trench, etc., etc., many of the best of which are now on Mr. Widdleton's list, some are in the hands of other publishers, and the majority are long ago "melted down." Indeed, Mr. W. carefully weeded out, with excellent taste, the extensive list of Mr. Redfield's publications, reserving only such as had intrinsic merit to recommend them. The first book of his own publication (in 1862) was a *Memoir of Christopher North*, otherwise Prof. John Wilson, recently deceased, and the author of the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It attracted considerable attention in the literary world, and proved quite successful.

In May, 1861, Mr. Widdleton, following the up-town tide of business, removed to his present commodious quarters at No. 17 Mercer Street. In 1864, Mr. Widdleton rendered a most acceptable service to the reading public by bringing out a new, revised, and complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*. It is a somewhat singular fact in the history of literature that the works of this Englishman should have been published, in several forms and editions, more or less complete and reliable, in America before any English edition was projected. In 1844, such of the productions of this gifted poet as could then be obtained were collected by the late Dr. Griswold, and published by Langley, of New York. A second edition, in 1852, was followed by a third and larger, in 1857, both published by J. S. Redfield. In 1860, Mr. W. H. Whitmore, of Boston, edited a new edition, in two volumes, of which fifty copies were printed in quarto form. These American editions were not complete or altogether accurate, but they were the best which could be compiled without a more intimate knowledge of the poet than

any one outside of his family possessed. When, therefore, Moxon's edition was issued in England by the family, and under the editorship of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, it so happened that Mr. Widdleton had a new American edition in course of preparation. He at once availed himself of the superior advantages possessed by those who had thus anticipated him, and republished the work, being the fifth American edition, in two volumes, which, in respect to their typography, paper, binding, and general appearance, were well worthy of the beautiful productions which they enshrined.

In July, 1865, Mr. Widdleton, whose list already embraced several of the most valuable books ever published in the United States—such as *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, *The Recreations of Christopher North*, *Stanley's Sinai*, *Trench's Works*, *Praed's Poems*, etc.—added to his literary property, by purchase, the entire series of Riverside Press books formerly published by William Veazie, of Boston. This series of elegant "library editions," originally projected and published by Dr. O. W. Wight and Mr. Veazie, was undoubtedly the beginning of that marked improvement in the art of book-making which, within a few years past, has revolutionized the character of American publishing. Beautifully printed, with admirable taste, from clear and handsome types, on paper of the best tone and texture, and bound with scrupulous nicety, they have already become, *par excellence*, the "standard editions." The list comprises *Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature* and *Amenities of Literature*, *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Hallam's Complete Works* (10 volumes), *Lamb's Complete Works* (6 volumes), *May's Constitutional History* (2 volumes), *Milman's History of Christianity and History of the Jews* (6 volumes), *Shakespeare's Complete Works* (in 8 volumes), etc., etc.; all most desirable works, and among the most valuable and marketable stock in the country.

Mr. Widdleton, indeed, belongs to a class of publishers—too small by far—who are ever ready to publish some valuable work, which, too rare and costly for the mass of scholars, is yet by its intrinsic literary worth entitled to a handsome and befitting presentation to the public. This class of publishers are unwilling to issue a poor book, or even a good book in a shabby style; nor do they hesitate to take up a valuable work because it is "heavy" and may linger awhile longer on their shelves than some more meretricious but popular book. Such men are careful of their reputation—that repute which naturally accrues to a publisher from the character of his publications. They have the literary taste and feelings which dignify their business from a simple "calling" to the position of a "profession"—as it really is. Mr. Widdleton is one of this class. He is, by taste quite as much as by circumstances, a *belles-lettres* publisher.

More recently, Mr. Widdleton has gone somewhat into the line of "large-paper" publications, which he produces in admirable taste, and in the best style of the "art-preservative." Of these we may mention a large-paper edition of *Doran's Annals of the English Stage*, limited to 100 copies; *Dr. Francis's Old New York*, 100 copies, and the same author's *Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, and Booksellers in New York*, 100 copies; a new edition, edited by E. A. Duyckinck, of *Sidney Smith's Wit and Wisdom*, 50 copies; the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 100 copies, and *Freneau's Poems*, 100 copies, the latter being now in press. These sumptuous works are especially adapted to meet the requirements of "illustrators," and of that class of book-buyers who delight in ample margins, creamy paper, and clearest type. Of such may there never be fewer! For, though they may sometimes carry their æsthetic tastes to the extent of hypercriticism, yet their influence upon the art of book-making is, in the main, beneficial and commendable.

ART.

ART NOTES.

A NEW landscape from the pencil of Lessing—so well known as one of the leading spirits of the Düsseldorf school of art—is now on view in Goupil's gallery. For composition and careful drawing of forms, this picture is one of remarkable merit, not less than for its quiet sentiment and pure atmospheric effects. Lessing is best known in this country by his famous picture of the *Martyrdom of Huss*,

which was exhibited in this city seven or eight years ago.

MR. LEUTZE's picture of *Lady Godiva* has been placed on view in Goupil's gallery, where it now forms a leading attraction.

J. Q. WARD, one of the candidates for the execution of the Shakespeare monument to be erected in Central Park, is engaged upon a model embodying his design for that memorial.

WE have seen at Goupil's, within a day or two, a proof of Smillie's engraving of Bierstadt's *Rocky Mountains*. The engraver has been very successful in rendering the sentiments of space and grandeur by which the original picture is characterized.

REGIS GIGNOUX is making sketches in the White Mountains, where he will probably remain until the end of October.

A SITE has been at last fixed upon for the new Royal Academy buildings in London. The galleries are to be erected on the large lot of ground in the rear of Burlington House, which structure, in itself, will form the vestibule of the building. The space thus obtained will be more than double that occupied by the present academy premises in Trafalgar Square, and the estimated cost of the proposed buildings, which are to be of brick, is \$250,000.

A VALUABLE Rembrandt has lately been acquired by the National Gallery, for the price of \$35,000. The subject is *Christ Blessing Little Children*, and it is said to be a very fine specimen of the master.

MR. B. F. REINHART, an American painter residing in London, is attracting some notice by his works. He paints English landscapes and *genre* pieces, and, according to some of the critics, excels greatly in representing child life. One of his pictures is spoken of as a gem worthy of the pencil of Mulready. It represents two children playing upon the sea-shore, one of whom has found a pearl, and the sentiment of the picture is the delight of the two little ones as they examine their prize.

A LANDSCAPE by Gustave Doré attracts much notice at the exhibition in the Paris salon. Doré has given us a good deal of landscape in black and white—as in his illustrations to the *Wandering Jew*, for instance—and very weird and striking glimpses of landscape they are. He does not so often paint in this branch though. The picture here referred to is a wild jumble of rocks, pines, and cascades among the mountains of Savoy.

A SPORTING picture which attracted much notice in England about two years ago, was a scene at Tattersall's the day before the "Derby," or one of the other great national meetings, painted by Thomas Musgrave Joy, and containing a great many portraits of well-known sporting characters. Late English papers have notices of the death of this artist. His daughter, Miss M. E. Joy, inherits much of his talent, and was an exhibitor at last summer's exposition of the Royal Academy.

MONTREAL is said to possess two sculptors of considerable merit, Mr. H. Solhier and Mr. Reed. The former is spoken of as having achieved considerable success in portrait busts, and the latter has lately signalized himself by chiseling a statue of *Hope*.

IN Canada the supply of art has as yet only kept pace with the demand for it, which is very limited. We hear now of a rising young artist at Montreal, Mr. A. Vogt, whose cattle pieces are said to evince a good deal of talent. He has also painted a view from Mount Royal, with a group of sheep in the foreground, and in the distance a glimpse of Montreal and the river St. Lawrence.

AMONG pictures selected by prize-holders in the London Art Union of the present year we note one by J. T. Peele, called *A Summer's Afternoon in the Isle of Man*. Mr. Peele is an American artist, but has been for several years past a resident of the quiet little island in which the scene of the picture referred to is laid.

BARON MAROCHETTI appears to be in great request in England as a monumental and portrait sculptor. Jonas Webb, the celebrated breeder of "South Down" sheep, has lately been commemorated by a statue from his hand. It has been erected in the market-place of Cambridge.

MESSRS. SOUTHWELL, of London, have patented a process by which lithography is applied to photographic portraits, so as to improve their artistic character. By this process a photograph can be given the effect of a spirited drawing on tinted paper, and the tint thrown around the portrait may be either warm or cold according to taste.

It may be remembered that, some three or four years ago, a good deal of interest was awakened by the discovery by Messrs. Boulton & Watt, of Soho, near Birmingham, England, of certain silvered plates, and impressions from them, which were supposed to have been connected with

experiments in photography made so long ago as the year 1790. In a lengthened communication to *The London Art Journal*, Mr. George Wallis essays to prove, and apparently with success, that the productions in question are not sun pictures, but merely impressions from copper plates prepared as for the process of aqua-tinting, and that they were intended to be used as transfers. He suggests it is possible that Eginton, by whom the plates were prepared, took the idea from the Wedgwood method of transfer as applied to glazed ware.

JALEY, a distinguished French sculptor, died lately, at the age of sixty-four.

DUPRÉ, the sculptor, has been selected to execute a monument to the late Count Cavour, for which he is to have 600,000 francs. It is for the city of Florence. No less than 140 competitive designs for the work were sent in, but they were all rejected, and the execution of the monument was intrusted to Dupré, who had not competed, but waited till he was called for. Thus, "the race is not always to the swift," etc.

MR. WEEKS, R.A., an English sculptor of much repute, has lately finished a bust of Mulready, which has been placed on a marble pedestal in the entrance hall of the National Academy. The pedestal is inscribed with the painter's name, and the years of his birth and death—1783 and 1863.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. HERMAN MELVILLE, from whom we have not heard for some years, has lately published a volume of patriotic poems under the not very happy title of *Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War*. Like everything that he has written, it bears the stamp of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and is nothing if not original. Originality is a good trait for an author to possess, especially at this time, when so many writers are mere reflections, more or less distorted, of three or four dominant masters; but there is such a thing as pushing originality too far; and this, we think, is the rock upon which Mr. Melville sometimes splits. There is something wayward in his mind, which drives him to commit many sins in authorship, and removes him from the sympathies of a large class of readers. From the start he appears not to have comprehended the laws which govern prose—the radical difference, not to say irreconcilable antagonism, between prose and poetry—and, consequently, his prose is not so much prose proper, prose pure and simple, as poetry in a prosaic form. The dreariest reading, in our way of thinking, is this sort of nondescript writing, which is neither honest prose, though it looks like it, nor downright poetry, whose domain it invades, but a forced and unnatural marriage of both; a marriage which never should have been made, but which, having taken place, should be broken at once. Mr. Melville has some of the elements of a poet in his nature, but he is not a poet, for several reasons, not the least of which is his disregard of the laws of verse. He has but little sense of melody, and almost no sense of proportion. The poetry that is in him is like the world in its chaotic period, "without form and void." He has imagination, but it lacks clearness and purpose, producing its effects by a sort of haze in which he envelops his subject. He has also wealth of language—at least in prose—a rich, if not large, vocabulary; but he squanders it like a young prodigal who has just come to his estate, and is determined to have a good time while it lasts. Thus much of Mr. Melville generally. For his present volume, it is difficult for us to characterize it briefly, as we must; to point out its faults, which are many and marked; and to indicate its merits, which, if not so many, are equally marked. It is original, to begin with—as original as the poetry of Mr. Brownell, for instance—and often as obscure as his mysterious, orphic utterances. Given a thesis, it is impossible for a person of ordinary intelligence to foresee the way in which writers of this school will handle it, and what they will make out of it. Of the seventy poems in Mr. Melville's volume, there are not more than one-half in which he appears to have understood what he wished to accomplish, and not so many as that number, we think, which are likely to interest his readers. His sense of melody is deficient; as we have already hinted, while some of his rhymes are positively barbarous. In his first poem, *The Portent*, "Shenandoah" rhymes with "law," and "John Brown" with "shown." To counterbalance such defects as these, we have occasionally nervous phrases and energetic passages, and fine bits of description, now of landscapes and now of battle movements. *Donelson*, in some respects the most original poem of the collection, contains these elements of excellence in a positive degree. *The Victor of Antietam* is a noble poem, creditable alike

to Mr. Melville's patriotism and love of fair play. *Shiloh* is excellent, except for its defective rhymes, which compel the reader to throw the accent on the wrong syllable:

SHILOH: A REQUIEM.

(April, 1862.)

Skimming lightly, whirling still,
The swallows fly low
Over the field in clouded days,
The forest-field of Shiloh.
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain,
Through the pause of night
That followed the Sunday fight,
Around the church of Shiloh.
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echoed to many a parting groan
And natural prayer
Of dying foemen mingled there—
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve—
Fame or country least their care;
(What like a bullet can undecide!)
But now they lie low,
While over them the swallows skim,
And all is hushed at Shiloh.

Better, in fact the best thing in the volume, is *Sheridan at Cedar Creek*, which far surpasses Mr. Buchanan Read's poem on the same theme. It is imaginative and it has the true lyrical ring:

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

(October, 1861.)

Shoe the steed with silver
That bore him to the fray
When he heard the guns at dawning,
Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling,
Mount, nor stay;
Quick, or all is lost;
They've surprised and stormed the post,
They've pushed your routed host,
Gallop! retrieve the day.
Hound the horse in ermine—
For the foam-flake blew,
While through the red October
He thundered into view.
They cheered him in the looming,
Horseman and horse they knew.
The turn of the tide began,
The rally of bugles ran,
He swung his bat in the van,
The electric hoof-sparks flew.
Wreath the steed and lead him—
For the charge he led
Touched and turned the cypress
Into amaranths for the head
Of Philip, king of riders,
Who raised them from the dead.
The camp (at dawning lost),
By eye recovered—forced,
Rang with laughter of the host
At belated Early fled.
Shroud the horse in sable—
For the mounds they heap!
There is firing in the valley,
And yet no strife they keep;
It is the parting volley,
It is the pathos deep.
There is glory for the brave
Who lead and nobly save,
But no knowledge in the grave,
Where their nameless followers sleep.

The late James G. Perceval, who experimented largely in meters, left in manuscript specimens of a translation of Homer into hexameters, from which we are enabled to present the extracts which follow, and which strike us as being very spirited. Here is Mr. Perceval's version of the opening lines of the *Iliad*:

"Sing, O Goddess, the wrath of Achilles, the son of Pelus, Fatal, which on the Greeks sent numberless woes and sorrows, Hurling to Hades the souls of many valiant heroes, Leaving their corpses a prey to ravens and dogs and vultures. But the will of Jove was accomplished; from what time Atrides,

Monarch of men, and noble Achilles, in strife contending, First were parted, nor longer united their forces in battle. Who of the gods compelled them to join in contention and discord?

He, the son of Zatona and Jove, he, enraged with Atrides, Sent through the army a fatal disease, and it wasted the people. Wherefore? Because Atrides dishonored the priest of Apollo, Chryses. He came to the swiftly sailing ships of the Grecians, Bringing uncounted treasures, the price of his daughter's freedom,

Holding the crown in his hand, the crown of far-darting Apollo, Raised on his golden staff; and thus he entreated the Grecians, Most of all the Atrides, the chiefs and lords of the people.

"O ye sons of Atrides, and all ye well-booted Achæans, May the Immortals grant, the gods who inhabit Olympus, That you destroy the city of Priam, and safely sail homewards; But release me my daughter, and take the ransom I offer, Bending before the son of Jove, far-darting Apollo."

Then all the other Achæans applauded the saying of Chryses, Willing to honor the priest and take the splendid ransom; Yet it pleased not the son of Agamemnon, Atrides, But he foully dismissed him and gave this bitter commandment:

"Let me never find thee, old man, by the hollow vessels, Either now delaying, or after again returning, Lest the staff may not aid thee, nor yet the crown of Apollo. I will not free thy daughter—no, never, till old age invade her,

Far away from her native home in my palace, in Argos, Where she shall twirl the shuttle, and share my couch as a bond-maid.

Go, and provoke me not—and thou wilt return more securely.' Thus he spake. The old man feared and obeyed his commandment.

Silent he went by the shore of the loud-resounding ocean. When he had gone far apart, the old man prayed to Apollo, Whom Zatona bore, the goddess with long curling tresses. 'Hear me, thou god of the silver bow, who walkest round Chryse,

And the holy Cilla, and rulest Tenedos bravely, Smintheus. If I have ever crowned thy elegant temple, Or if I ever have burnt fat thighs of bulls on thy altar, Or of goats, oh, hear and accomplish my wishes, Apollo! May the Greeks repay my bitter tears with thy arrows.'

Thus he spake in prayer; and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Down from the top of Olympus he sprang, his heart waked to fury, Holding his bow on his shoulders, and also his well-covered quiver.

As he rushed in wrath, his arrows rang on his shoulders. Then he moved, gloomy as night, and sitting on Callicolone, Far away from the ships, he drew and sent forth an arrow. Dreadfully twanged the string as the silver bow rebounded. First he invaded the mules, and the swift-footed dogs of the army;

Then he sent a deadly dart full aimed at the people, And it hit them. The pyres of the dead were incessantly burning.

Nine long days the shafts of the god flew thick through the army; But on the tenth Achilles called a general assembly. Juno, the white-armed goddess, suggested the thought to his spirit,

For she lamented the Greeks, because she saw them dying. When they were all collected, and fully gathered together, Then swift-footed Achilles arose, and thus he harangued them."

A test passage is the famous parting of Hector and Andromache in the sixth book, which has taxed the talents of scores of translators from Pope down to Lord Derby. It is thus rendered by Perceval:

"Thus spake and stretched his arms to his son, illustrious Hector; But the child shrunk screaming back, and clung to the bosom Of the fair-zoned nurse, by his father's looks affrighted, Trembling before the brass and the crest wide-aving with horse-hair,

Seeing it terribly nodding aloft on the top of the helmet. Then the delighted parent laughed at his infant terrors. Instant he took his helm from his head, illustrious Hector, And on the ground he laid it, the helm all bright and shining. When he had kissed his darling son, and softly waved him, Then he spoke in prayer to Jove and other immortals.

'Grant me, Jove, and ye other gods, that my son hereafter, Even as I am now, be chiefest among the Trojans, Thus excelling in strength, and liam high controlling. Then at length they may say, "He far surpasses his father." When from war he returns may he bear the bloody trophies Torn from his slaughtered foes, and delight the soul of his mother.'

Thus he spake, and laid in the arms of his wife, the beloved, Softly his child: she folded him close to her fragrant bosom, Tearfully smiling. Her husband observed her tears, and in pity Soothed her with gentle hand, and with words of love addressed her.

'Fairer and best, O, grieve not so deep in thy soul for thy Hector!

None shall send him, against his fate, too soon to Hades. Surely mortal has never escaped what fate has ordained him, None, whether coward or brave, from the earliest dawn of existence;

But return to thy home, and there attend to thy labor, Twirling the shuttle and distaff, and also command thy maidens That they perform their tasks; but war is the care and duty, Sole, of man, and chiefly mine of all the Trojans.'

Thus having spoke, he took his helm, illustrious Hector, Waving with horse-hair. His wife, the beloved, to her home returning,

Often looked back as she went, and in tears poured her passionate sorrows.

Then she speedily came to the well-constructed palace Of her Hector, the slayer of men, and her many maidens Found within, and in all excited a loud lamentation. They aloud bewailed in his palace the loving Hector; For they said he would never come, from the fight returning, Never would come, escaping the wrath and the swords of the Grecians."

FOREIGN.

The *Athenæum* of August 18 startled its readers with the announcement that Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne's last volume of poems was withdrawn from circulation, and that the withdrawal was the result of unequivocally expressed disgust by the press generally. "Mr. Swinburne," it said, "has it in his power, by pure and noble work, to induce the public to forget the insult flung at them through his book." A week later it stated that the withdrawal was entirely the act of Mr. Swinburne's publishers, Moxon & Co. *The Reader* of the same date, however, declares *The Athenæum* is wrong in its statements, the whole thing being only the question of a change of publisher—a private affair, it remarks very justly, with which the public have nothing to do.

"The *Pall Mall Gazette*," it adds, "is the only journal besides ourselves which has had the courage to praise what is really good in Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and to affirm that he has made progress beyond *Atalanta in Calydon*. We have indicated the direction in which his strength lies. He is, though that is denied by our co-

temporary, essentially a pagan, perhaps not so much in his amours, but decidedly so in his contempt for a humble and repentance-demanding faith. . . . We trust Mr. Swinburne will soon give his envious detractors who cannot understand him the best rebuff, by producing something free from that too erotic admixture which has laid him open to the sneers of poetasters with not one-half of his courage or inspiration."

DR. KREYENBERG, of Dantzic, has lately taken Mr. G. H. Lewes to task about his *Life and Works of Goethe* charging that the chief merit of the book "is its style—a pleasing, smooth manner of sometimes perverting facts;" that it "shows no traces of a philosophical knowledge of the true spirit and intent of Goethe's writings," and that it fails to treat his scientific writings with accuracy. It is, moreover, not true, "when Lewes says of all idyls the *Herman and Dorothea* is the most truly idyllic! For nobody ever doubted that Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea* was no idyl at all. It is equally as far from fact when Lewes affirms, 'Of all poems describing country life and country people it is the most truthful, since it describes neither country life nor country people.' Speaking of *Herman and Dorothea*, Mr. Lewes says: "One feels that the invigorating breezes of Ilmenau, where in a space of six months this poem was mainly composed, have roused the poet out of the flaccid moods of prose, and given him all his quiet strength." The poem, we now learn, was neither written in Ilmenau nor in six months, the outline and the greater part of it being written in the month of September, 1796, at Jena. It was not finished then and there, however, nor within the space of six months, as Lewes said, but at Jena, Weimar, and upon the Leipzig-Dessau journey, during a space of more than eight months, including a part of June, 1797. Dr. Kreyenberg charges Mr. Lewes with borrowing from Goethe's German biographers, Viehoff, Schaefer, and Stahr, with sufficient acknowledgment, and then sneering at them slyly. All of which, supposing it to be true, does not prevent Mr. Lewes's volume from being the best single work yet written about Goethe.

M. DE LAMARTINE has lately published two volumes entitled *Biographies and Portraits of some Celebrated People*, which contain studies of Lord Chatham, Pitt, Shakespeare, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Mirabeau, Danton, and Vergniaud. They are not up to the reputation of M. Lamartine (what that he does nowadays is?), although the portraits of Charlotte Corday and Mirabeau are cleverly executed, in his French sentimental way. His paper on Shakespeare is a rich specimen of book-making, nearly four-fifths of it consisting of literal quotations from his works.

MR. W. W. SKEAT, who is engaged on a new edition of *Piers Plowman*, has examined nearly thirty different manuscripts, and found, as he thinks, three distinct types or forms of the poem. He proposes to publish one of each, beginning with the earliest and shortest, the whole to contain various readings. He has also written an essay on the meter of Chaucer, which is to take the place of Tyrwhitt's in the forthcoming edition of the works of that poet, which is to be edited by R. Morris, who has the sixth volume nearly ready. While on this subject, we may mention that Mr. E. A. Bond, of the manuscript department of the British Museum, has contributed an article on some fresh traces of Chaucer to the *Fortnightly Review* of August 15. The Rev. J. Rawson Lumly, we may add, is to edit for the Early English Text Society a collection of *Poems on Manners and Morals*, in the Scotch dialect of about 1500, the materials of which will be taken from the manuscript which contains the *Lancelot du Lac*, lately edited by Mr. Skeat.

THE Early English Text Society is about to reprint Richard West's *Book of Demeanour*, 1619, which enlightened its readers on one point which earlier Chesterfields endeavored to dodge, viz., how to blow the nose. We learn from it that the use of the handkerchief was "the thing" in the best society.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The London Publisher's Circular*, who recently made a pilgrimage to Harrow, has something to say which is of interest to the admirers of Byron:

"I was sorry to find the tomb which is generally called Byron's tomb in a sad state of dilapidation. No favorite haunt of an English poet is more fully authenticated than this, and in my old Harrow days every visitor made a point of lingering awhile at this beautiful and picturesque spot in the old churchyard. In one of his letters to his publisher, Mr. Murray, written only two years before his death, Byron says—'There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favorite spot.' The name on the tombstone, which is a large raised slab placed horizontally, was, I think, 'Peachey,' not 'Peachie'; but this question—if of any importance—must now be considered as involved in obscurity. The slab is split across and across, and of the name the let-

ters 'Peac' are now all that remain, for a great fragment of the stone has fallen off and become lost. The view from this spot is one of the finest in England; it would be a pity if its poetical associations should be allowed to perish."

MR. DAVID SMITH, a brother of Mr. Alexander Smith, the poet, has lately published, at Edinburgh, a little fairy tale entitled *Karl of the Locket*. It is said to be fanciful and ingenious, and somewhat in the style of Hans Christian Andersen—meaning, we presume, that it is an imitation of that Shakespeare of fairy lore.

MR. HENRY B. WHEATLEY has just published a little book with the odd title of *Reduplicated Words in the English Language*. What are "reduplicated words?" the reader asks. Such words, for instance, as "chit-chat," "fiddle-faddle," "hodge-podge," and "helter-skelter." We can all of us call to mind a number of such rhyming compounds, but nothing like the number that really exists in the language. Thirty years ago Mr. David Booth collected one hundred and twelve reduplicated words, which are classed in his *Analytical Dictionary of the English Language*. Mr. Wheatley has been more fortunate, his dictionary containing some six hundred of these uncouth and often nonsensical terms.

THE recent retirement of Mr. Panizzi from the keepership of the printed book department of the British Museum has promoted a scholar to that post in the person of Mr. Thomas Watts, who has had twenty-eight years' experience in the British Museum, in various capacities, which has been of great service to that establishment, his linguistic abilities enabling him to add largely to its stores in foreign languages.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH is to commence a new serial story in the October number of *Bentley's Miscellany*.

THE September number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains a poem by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, entitled *Cleopatra*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have in press *The First Man and his Place in Creation*, by G. Moore, D.D.; *The Life of Man, Symbolized by the Months of the Year*, with illustrations by John Leighton; *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll, with illustrations by John Tenniel; *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, by Douglas Jerrold, with illustrations by Henry Keene; *Lectures*, by the Rev. E. M. Goulburn; *The Book of Common Prayer, Office of Communion in the Book of Common Prayer, The New Testament History*, edited by the Rev. William Smith; *Dictionary of Proper Names, Biographical, Geographical, Historical, and Mythological*, by F. A. Teall; *Cinderella*, with illustrations by Gustave Doré; *Puss in Boots*, with illustrations by Gustave Doré; *The Galleries of Vienna, Select Engravings, with Text*, by Goering, translated by Wrangmore; *The Galleries of Munich, Select Engravings, with History of the Schools of Art*, by E. Holloway; *Payne's Royal Dresden Gallery, Select Engravings, with Notices*, and *The Berlin Gallery*.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT have in preparation *Folin's German Reader*, a new and revised edition.

MESSRS. IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co. announce *Christian Ethics*, by Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D.; and *Drawing Books for Common Schools*, by Professor John Goodison.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. have nearly ready *The Constitutional Convention: its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding, etc.*, by Judge Jameson, of the Chicago Superior Court; and *Guyot's Geographical Series, No. II., Common School Geography*.

MESSRS. GRAVES & YOUNG have in press *One-Armed Hugh*, by Mrs. A. S. Moffat; *Gypsy's Cousin Joy*, by Miss E. S. Stuart Phelps; *Nellie Warren*, by Lawrence Lancewood; *Sociables for our Young Folks*; *Puzzles for Household Pets*; *Addie and her Pets*; *Freddie and his Pets*; *Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping*; *Gilbert Starr*, and *the Wheel of Fortune*.

MR. LAWRENCE KEHOE will shortly publish *The See of St. Peter the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Center of Unity*, by Thomas William Allies, M.A., professor of history in the Catholic University of Ireland.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have in press *Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy*, by Charles Reade, and *Poems, Grace and Gay*, by the late George Arnold.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. will soon publish *Our Church and Her Services*, by the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, edited by the Rev. F. D. Huntington; *The Waiting World*, by the Rev. Wm. R. Huntington; *Ned Grant's Quest* by the author of *Bertha Weeser's Wish*; *Miss*

Matty, or, Our Younger Passenger; *Fannie and Robbie*, a *Year Book for Children in the Church*; and new editions of *The Dark River*, *The Journey Home*, and *The Dark Mountains*.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. announce *Sunnybank*, a new novel by Marian Harland.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I never remember to have heard or seen any conjecture expressed respecting the probable termination of Keats's *Hyperion*. The fragment which we have is certainly one of the most superb pieces of blank-verse in the English language. I have been accustomed to read it for twenty years, and each time with increased delight, until I came to the abrupt ending, where I always experience an inexpressible sadness and regret.

I could always guess out some satisfactory solution to Coleridge's *Christabel* without any help from Mr. Tupper, but how *Hyperion* would have been managed, entirely baffles me. Have any of the classical readers of THE ROUND TABLE any suggestions to offer upon this subject?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE

DEAR SIR: The following statement appeared in THE ROUND TABLE of August 16th: "Dear sir, a correspondent inquires, July 14th, as to the authorship of the lines commencing

'Will Wag went to see Charley Quirk,

which, however, he quotes somewhat incorrectly. They were written by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, who was born in Boston, about 1793 or 1794. The piece can be found in *Zacho's New American Speaker*." Mrs. Gilman, I have her own authority for saying, is not the author of the lines in question, which appeared in *The Southern Rose-bud* (Vol. I., No. 10), afterwards the *Southern Rose*, which she edited in this city, from 1832 to 1839. I send you a correct copy of them.

C. H. T.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN ROSE-BUD:

"You would oblige a subscriber by publishing these four verses, entitled *One Good Turn Deserves Another*."

URANIE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 3, 1862.

"Will Wag went to see Charley Quirk,
More famed for his books than his knowledge,
In order to borrow a work
He had sought for in vain over college."

"But Charley replied, 'My dear friend,
You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend,
But you may sit by my fire and read.'"

"Now it happened, by chance, on the morrow,
That Quirk, with a cold quivering air,
Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
For his own they were out of repair."

"But Willy replied, 'My dear friend,
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend,
But you may sit by my fire and blow.'"

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 27, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: "This is a great country," but more particularly so in this section, I think, as far as regards the peculiarities of which I speak. Permit me, too, to add my mite, without which the amusing *onomatopœia* which has appeared in some of your recent numbers would be quite incomplete. On our principal business street "Tryon & Taylor" are the proprietors of a fashionable clothing establishment. The suggestive sign of "E. H. & D. Farewell" surmounts the doors of a coffin warehouse.

"'Tis a lonely sound."

"B. Bordwell" is the nomenclatural inducement of a tavern-keeper, the forbidding exterior of whose house would naturally exclude the "shadow of suspicion" of the comfortable quarters implied. A baker's cart travels our streets bearing on its painted sides "A. Oen." It is said, but probably for vindication of the English language, that his "better half" bears the more grammatical christening, "Ann Oen." We have a doctor by the name of "Fishblatt." Around the corner from our boarding-place resides an antiquated maiden lady, whose door-plate speaks its mistress's bitterness for the pantaloons persuasion in the single though explicit inscription, "Bodamer." "R. Bates" is an old fisherman, who seeks a livelihood through the renting of tackle to our sporting people. "Henry Lamb" is a butcher, as is also "Levi Bull." The proprietor of a large lager "dispensary" glories in the jolly appellation of "A. Bumer." I think I have met the challenge of your correspondent, "J. W. D.," by the match I have produced for "Bilious Pond" in the person of the above-named old lady.

Yours, &c., C. H. W.

BUFFALO, August 28, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Having seen various reports and innuendos concerning Miss Evans, author of *Adam Bede*, *Felix Holt*, etc., I should like to know if she is legally the wife of G. H. Lewes. If so, why so much mystery? The information is particularly desirable as she is constantly held up as a model for American authors.

Very respectfully,

J. G.

MOBILE, Aug. 30, 1866.

Our answer to this query shall be the following fable, which may or may not be in Esop: An inquisitive fellow

once questioned a gentleman concerning his relations with a certain lady, and failed to obtain a satisfactory answer. "If anybody asks me about it," he persisted, "what shall I say?" "Say that you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A recent mention in your "Announcements" of a work in press by the author of *Mary Powell*, of which the martyr Annie Askew is the heroine, reminds me that I have somewhere seen a poem which is attributed to her. Can you tell me where it is to be found? or, better still, should it be within your reach, will you not reprint it in "Notes and Queries" for the readers of Miss Manning's tale, which some of your New York publishers, I think, have announced to reprint? By so doing you would oblige,

T. W. V.

DETROIT, Mich., August 27, 1866.

Our correspondent will find the poem he speaks of in *Dyce's Specimens of British Poetesses* (London, 1825).

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent in your last number inquires concerning the author of a poem entitled *The Long Ago*, and where it is to be found. If he will procure the first number of a new Southern monthly magazine, *The Land we Love*, edited by General D. H. Hill, he will there find it in full, and ascribed to the pen of Philo Henderson, a native of Charlotte, N. C., who died some years ago in early manhood, leaving a large number of unpublished poems of rare value behind him.

F. M. R.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your edition of Sept. 1st your correspondent "Florence" inquires for the author's name of that very beautiful song:

"Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood."

The author was Gerald Griffin, an Irish writer, who was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1803, and after a life of disappointments, spent partly in England, he joined the Christian Brothers in the city of Cork, where he died in the year 1840, and was buried in the little graveyard attached to the monastery. The inspiration of the above song was the following, in his own words to a lady:

"I was walking on the shore, with the tide beautifully and brimmingly in, and the water as smooth as peace itself, when on a sudden what should I hear but an echo! Oh! it went through and through me like a spear. I thought of the Eagle's Nest, the summit of one of the Killarney mountains, and kept thinking of you and Killarney until my thoughts slipped out in the shape of a little song to your dear self."

Gerald Griffin was the author of *The Collegians*, from which Boucicault has dramatized *The Colleen Bawn*, murdering the story, of course, but making more money by his literary labors than poor Griffin made by his entire writings. Griffin was the author, also, of one of the finest plays on the English stage, *Gisippus*, written in his youth but never acted until long after his death. The play was brought out by Mr. Macready in London, himself taking the part of Gisippus, and Mr. Anderson that of Titus Quintus Fulvius; Miss Helen Faucit and Miss Turpin took the two and only female parts in the piece. Mr. Anderson, I believe, is the only actor who has produced *Gisippus* on the American boards, and if any of your readers have seen that fine actor in the character of Gisippus, they can bear me out in my appreciation of this drama.

The life of Griffin, or sketches of it, from the pen of Shelton Mackenzie, who must have known him, would make one of the most interesting papers.

I am glad that the miners of THE ROUND TABLE are digging out those gems that lie buried in the past, and which only need bringing to the light to be set in the crown of the beautiful.

Yours,

M. S.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 3, 1866.

Many questions for which we cannot provide space in this department, may be answered by reference to Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, which we recommend to the curious in such matters. It is published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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IN VINCLIS, RUSSIAN LIFE.

LITERARIANA.

PERSONAL. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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